



Him who salvation did  
ransomed in raptures our  
all ring, Redeemer!  
Adjutant

### Salvation.

R.J. 25; Sovereignty,  
Eden, R.J. 325.

is have the since die?  
as He then on ponder

that strange expiring cry?  
prays for you and me—  
Father, oh, forgive!  
that by Me they live!"

Outgoing Lamb,  
painful agony,  
question on the tree,  
path and life,—I pray,  
all my sins away.

Thy bleeding feet,  
and wash them with my  
thy love repeat  
sinner's ears,  
ear the quickening sound,  
have mercy found.

### to Judgment.

Ill the harvest be? (R.J.  
388.)

ignment, not fit to live,  
life's account to give;  
but I must surely go;  
in God's book to show;  
the judgment be?

### Chorus.

ment with salvation light,  
not for not doing right;  
sentence, "Depart from

l the judgment be.

ot salvation seek?  
not hear conscience

ents and time I waste?  
vny days of grace?

ot take up my cross?  
my soul is lost?  
a the burning flame?  
ie but myself to blame.

Spirit will strive no

Master has shut the

erying, "Too late! too

ruaction must seal my

### Friends of the Y's Social.

will deeply appreciate any gifts of  
it suitable for the Y's Social.

it should be addressed to the Y's Social.

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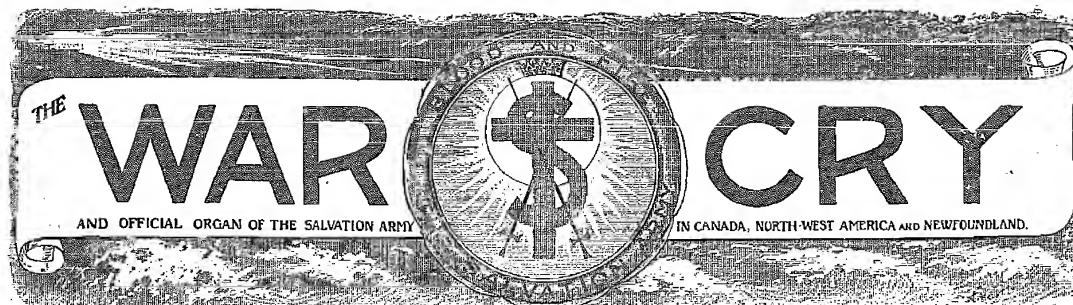
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17th Year. No. 15.

WILLIAM BOOTH

General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.

## Do Not Pawn Your Conscience.

The story is told of a young wife who received, at the death of her mother, as a special heirloom, an old, large, clasped family Bible.

"I know, my daughter, your husband is not religious, and your love of God has grown cold under his influence, but treasure this volume for my sake. When the dark days of trial come, I advise you to turn to the Word of God for comfort, and you shall find consolation and aid."

The mother died. The young wife

went into the gayest of society with her husband, who was a vivacious, reckless man, bent upon pleasure and diversion only, not taking life seriously.

One day the crash came. Mother's legacy had been spent, and the husband's business, without the watchful eye of the master, left to drift, went into bankruptcy. It was a bitter awakening. The couple kept up appearances for a while, but when the husband's endeavor to find the means of earning a livelihood met with ill success, since he was little fit for earnest and hard work, the household furniture went, piece by piece, to the pawn-shop, to furnish means of support to the family.

At last the day came when only her wedding-ring was left to go to the pawn-

shop. It was a hard pull, but the baby's wail for food made her offer it.

When that money was spent, she knew of no other resource. In her extremity she fell upon her knees, and prayed to the God she had forgotten all those years. While praying she remembered her mother's big, old Bible, and with some difficulty opened the rusted old-fashioned lock. She had not turned many leaves when she discovered a hundred-pound note between its pages. A careful search revealed several more, the total amounting to several thousand pounds.

The starving couple fell upon their knees and promised God the remainder of their lives. With the money they started in a business which supported

them, and they served God faithfully.

The lesson of this story is plain. In this world we may find amusement, and passing enjoyment, but no consolation and aid in the extremity of our needs. Many a man or woman pawn their virtue, honor, truthfulness, and conscience in the devil's pawn-shop, to obtain a spiritual livelihood, and only get fleeting satisfaction, which leaves a greater and longer remorse. All the time there are treasures in the Word of God, the shelved Bible, precious promises that will bring freedom and the bread of life to the starving soul.

Are you starving, reader? There is bread enough and to spare in my Father's house. Come to Him, and you will receive pardon, peace, and life eternal.



## "Behold, I Make All Things New."

### A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was nearly midnight when the farmer's wife rose from her work, and, folding the last little garment, gazed wearily through the curtainless window to where the snow lay, cold and silent, under the moonbeams.

The farm-house was very still, for all save the mother had been sleeping for hours. "But my work is never done," she murmured. "Never, never done: Whether it is summer or winter, each day brings its endless round of work. New Year, indeed!" and she laughed almost bitterly, "to me the new year will be as the old one, only possibly worse!"

Then, as midnight was striking from the old-fashioned eight-day clock, it seemed to the farmer's wife as if the moonbeams falling upon the wooden floor took shape—the shape of the spirit of the New Year.

"I have come," the spirit seemed rather to breathe than say, so light it seemed and so transparent, "to bring thee a New Year's gift; a gift which shall make new all things around thee."

The woman listened, a look of bewildered joy on her face.

"What!—will the house, old and inconvenient as it is, be changed? I have so often wished—"

"The house will remain unaltered," said the spirit in reply.

"The farm then? Ah, if it was but nearer the town, and if the fields were only—"

"No, the farm will not change."

"Then it's my husband? If only he were different, now—less moody and silent, if he showed me more consideration and—"

"No, the change will not be in the farmer."

The woman looked still more puzzled.

"The children?" she questioned.

"They need nothing indeed," the spirit said.

"The servants?" "The neighbors?" And at last, in despair: "You only mock me. How, if all these burdens and cares and worries remain, how can my life be made new? It is impossible."

But the spirit of the New Year was positive.

"It will change all, it will make all things new. My New Year's gift to thee." And even as it spoke a cloud passed across the moonbeam, and the room was dark and cheerless, except for a spark on the great hearth.

"A foolish dream!" said the farmer's wife to herself. "I am overdone, tired out with work and worry, or such ideas would never have come to me."

And she turned from the window and went to her room.

Now, the legend tells us that in the early morning, long before the dawn, and before even the milkmaid or the yard-boy was stirring, the spirit of the New Year came to the farmer's wife, and gave her his promised New Year's gift—two new eyes. Eyes that would see the bright and not the dark, the good and not the bad.

The farmer was already at work when the mother came down that New Year's morning, and the children were seated round the oaken table busy with their porridge.

She looked at them. The moonlight dream of the night before had gone altogether from her mind; she thought she had never seen them look so well. Strong and healthy and happy, her eyes shone with thankfulness and joy as she came towards them.

It was a look the children had seldom seen on her face before, and they welcomed it eagerly. "A happy New Year to you, mother!" they shouted, crowding round her, and she bent to kiss them, feeling—"They are more to me than all the riches of the world!"

She sat down, and looked around. It was a nice room, this old kitchen. Strange that she had never noticed before how convenient it was, nor how bright the sunshine made it.

Breakfast was, as usual, porridge and skim-milk, yet how many had no such good, wholesome food, this cold weather!

She said so to the children, and her eldest girl answered quickly, "Yes, mother; I was going to tell you; old granma, down in the hollow, is very ill."

I meant to tell you yesterday, and ask you to let me take her something, only—"

The child stopped and blushed, and the woman understood. "Only" yesterday she had been so fretful and peevish no one could speak to her.

"I'll get you a little basket ready," she answered, taking no notice of the girl's confusion; "and the others can go down with you. The walk will do you all good."

For in the child's shyly expressed desire she saw care for others and practical sympathy. "And I always fancied her so selfish and cold!" she wondered, as the party set off.

Work, and plenty of it, came next; but work, when you are happy over it, is far higher than when you set about it with a heavy heart.

And the maids wondered at the way all seemed to go as on oiled wheels. A shadow crossed the window, and a moment later her husband entered, knocking the snow from off his boots at the sill of the door.

She turned to him. He looked worn and weary, and the sight cut her like a knife. What if he was going to die and leave her? "Sit down," she said, drawing up one of the elbow-chairs.

"I'll make you a cup of something hot; you seem tired out."

## ✻ NOW AND FOREVER. ✻

### A WARNING TO SINNERS BY THE GENERAL.

"Is there any other question in the Heaven above or hell beneath, or the earth below here, that is more important, or as important, to you and me who sit in this hall, than, Where, where, where shall I spend this long eternity? Do you ask me?"

"Well, tell me your character; then I will tell you where your destiny will be. If you are a holy man, you will go to Heaven; if you are unholily you will go to hell. Don't try, for God's sake, to get round it, it is too important to be trifled with. If you are not right, they will not have you in Heaven; there would be a civil war, if Peter were to let you in."

"Now, I come to what I was going to say, and that is, with what tremendous importance do these marches to eternity, which you will have to make, invest the decision which you will arrive at to-night; whether you come to this penitent forum, or whether you don't, whether you come and kneel here and let God Almighty put you right, or whether you don't. If you are a backslider, let Him restore you; if you are a sinner, let Him come and transform you, and forgive you, and make you safe. If you are a half-saved Laodicean, come and let God bring back the days and the rejoicings of yore. Let Him do it now. Now is the time; that is my closing word, now—NOW—to-night. Now, for eternity, now for eternity!"

"I will give you an illustration: Some time ago there was a last attempt at rebellion in Ireland, and the insurgents, those who were in the rising, and everybody far and near, were to know the hour had come when there floated from the highest turret a green silk banner, and on that banner were the words, 'Now or never; now and for ever.' Come and kneel down here and hoist the banner of the Cross. It may be now or never. Come and let it be now and for ever."—From an address delivered by the General at a recent meeting at Exeter Hall.

"I'm troubled over one of the horses, mother," he answered; "it's ill, and I don't know what to make of it."

The farmer held his breath and waited for the storm of complaint and annoyance to break. The team-man would be to blame. The farmer himself should have noticed it earlier; she was the most unfortunate of women; ill-luck seemed to trouble her on every side. All this and much more the farmer had brooded himself up to hear in silence.

But he waited in vain. His wife was busy over the ten-kettle. Then she turned to him, and laying one hand on his shoulder, set the cup before him with the other.

"That's had news, father," she said, while a shade of anxiety rested on her face. "Drink this up, and I'll slip on my clogs and come out with you. Which horse is it, and what have you done for it?"

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## The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

A Review of the Social Work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain.

The December issue of *The Deliverer* is a double number, and is entirely devoted to the annual report of the Social Operations of the Army in the United Kingdom. As previous reports, so this one is by no means a mere string of facts and figures, but is composed of a collection of stories, illustrating the various departments of our Social work.

Each chapter, there are eleven in all, has been contributed by a well-known writer, and much instructive matter is promised by the following chapter heads—

**SILVER STREAKS IN AN ARMY SHELTER:** or, A PHILOSOPHIC DOCTOR, by Commissioner Nicol.

**A LITTLE THING TOMMY LEFT BEHIND HIM:** by Major Bond.

**MADEIRA:** or, THE LITTLE WHITE TICKET, by Brigadier Duff.

And others equally captioned by drawing titles, and by literary lights, none the less lustrous because only represented by initials.

Commissioner Nicol's story is very touching. He visited an Army Shelter to get some material for the exercise of his pen on behalf of the report, and came across an aged man, dressed poorly, but cleanly, which proved to be the victim of adverse circumstances—not of drink, laziness or crime. Addressed by the Commissioner, this man suggested to be addressed as Number One.

"I am not lazy," said the man. "Sit down, sir, and I will tell you the story of—"

"Number One?" I interjected.

He smiled. We sat on the edge of the poor man's case, surrounded by one of the most pathetic scenes to be seen in England. Fully two hundred men, embracing every type of submerged existence, were reclining on the benches; mounting, or already asleep in the jubbie beds; sucking crumbs they had gathered from the gutters and back doors of the town; repining, highly-ventilated wardrobes; munching, some with dog-like ferocity, discarded bones and other table castaways; or turning into little heaps collections of cigar-ends. A few were standing at ease, waiting their turn of soup and bread at the cheap refreshment bar. You could hear the splash of others in the Bath and Wash-rooms. A sharp-eyed, self-possessed, energetic man, in Army uniform, flitted hither and thither, directing the collection of mugs and the distribution of soup, dropping to one and another words of cheer and good counsel. Oh, ye prophets of Millennium glory and prosperity, behold your task! Here, at the foundations of the great superstructure called Civilization, lies material that needs your felicitous Education and Science. What would ye do with them?

Number One observed my diversion, and remarked: "We are not all what we seem, sir. As honest and honorable men will gather round our prayers in

this Shelter as worship at St. Paul's on Sunday. Poverty is not a crime, sir. A man may have a good heart under a greasy coat. Do you see that man walking toward the corner? Well, he sells newspapers, and is a member of a church, and hasn't missed, to my knowledge, calling on his mother at the Workhouse for months. He's got the stuff in him that makes a man manly, whether in a shelter or a mansion. But," he said, after a pause, "you want to know how this item?"

(Number One, please!)" "Comes to be here. I must go back thirty-five years, when my wife died, and left me with two mites of children. One is now a clerk in the Stock Exchange, and the other is married and resides in Winchester. The children saved me from being a pauper; but the misfortune of losing my wife knocked all ambition out of my life. Shall I ever forget the world as it looked when I returned in the black carriage from the graveyard? No, sir, never! It was a warm and glorious day in June. The streets, sky, sun and people all

not too hilly, I walk along to Greenwich and look at the scenes of my younger days, and finish the afternoon in the Lewisham Cemetery."

"You don't bud a silver streak there?"

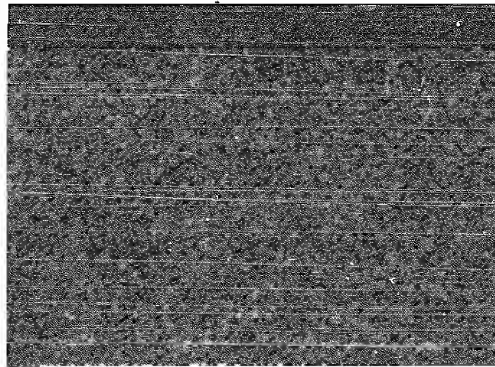
"I do," replied Number One, mournfully: "I am no spiritualist, but I have become a firm believer in the spirit world since I knew this Shelter, and as I sit on the old gravestone, beneath which lies the crumpling bones of the only woman I ever loved, my heart softens, sir, and many a tear have I shed and many a prayer have I uttered—many, sir, many. I don't mind telling you this little secret of my life. You will understand. I shall join her one day, please God. Do you think they know up there how we live down here?"

"Personally, I do."

"There's comfort in the thought, especially to one like me—an item, a mere item in a neglected crowd."

"Why, you talk like a philosopher."

"So I am, sir, in my own way. I occasionally sit down in St. Paul's Churchyard and follow the pigeons in their innocent, natural frolics among the dead windows of the Cathedral, and laugh at their competitions for the crumbs a poor beggar like me throws at them. These strong on the wing and in the feet come off, as a rule, the best. They pick up most of the crumbs. Young, weakly, timid pigeons stand little chance. And I read, sir, at those times the whole history of man's struggles in that churchyard, and often wonder, if these pigeons had the intelligence of mortals, they would wish to exchange their life for mine."



A Homeless Man's Retreat in London when the Shelters are Full. [R.]

seemed to mock and laugh at my sorrow, and whether you understand it or not, the fact is I have had no heart to live since then. Time's healing balm has not yet cured my sorrow. With my wife at home, you see, I was a strong man; when she died I was weak. The world was bright with sunshine all the year round; now it is all mud and grey, excepting for little streaks of silver here and there."

"And what may these same streaks be, Number One?" we enquired.

"Not what you might think, sir, I have not entered a theatre or music-hall for many years; and it is long since I parted company with a glass of beer. I thank the Almighty God every day that my inclinations do not tend in these directions, sir."

"If the Sunday is dry and the wind

"I don't blame you, Number One, for the thought that Master Himself asked the question, 'How much greater is a man than a sheep?' In this city I fear that in some places a sheep is valued at a higher price than an immortal soul."

Number One nodded his assent.

"General Booth—"

"A good man, sir."

"Yes—The General once jocularly remarked in a public meeting that some men were considerably below par when compared with sheep. They could kill a sheep and eat it; they couldn't do that with a soul."

It was delightful to see the philosopher, the suddenness with which he relapsed into his sealed-up-like manner.

"Any more streaks of silver?" we asked, pleasantly.

Number One again brightened. "Yes—this," he said, pointing to his bunk. "As things stand, with my limited resources—I've just acted to-morrow to-day—this bunk is a little oasis in the desert. It's clean and comfortable, and only costs twopenny, which is a consideration to a man of sixty-five, who has only twopenny to tide him over Sunday, and has no guarantee that he will make so much as twopenny again on Monday."

"Unanswerable."

"Quite so. Then you have good company in this Shelter. The difference between the Ensign, as you call him, and the Lodging-House Keeper, is this: the Army man looks at you from the point of view, 'What can I do for you?' The Lodging-House boss from the other

point, 'What can I get out of you?' Then, this place is clean, which to a man of my taste is worth a lot. I get my clothes washed at the other end of the building, and if I have any suspicions that, in associating with others, certain things have, unbidden, secreted themselves in the lining, well—I can get them cremated. If I have a taste for a warm spray, as well as a good shampoo, then I can get the same for nothing when I like. These are all silver streaks."

After a pause, the Desser Philosopher said: "I like your religion, though you are a little too severe on a bit of bacca. Baden-Powell can easily dispense with his cut; he has other luxuries. A bit of 'bacca' is often a comfort to me, especially on a wet and dreary night. It is my only luxury. I am a teetotaler. I believe in God as my Father and Christ as my Saviour, and it is to His grace alone that I am what I am—a poor but honest man, and a Christian."

One is pleased to hear that Number One concludes by announcing that he expects to get a situation in a coffee-house.

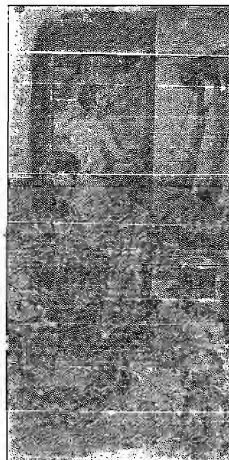
A.M.N. writes a chapter on the "Elevators," or factories of the Army, which render temporary and permanent employment for a large number of out-of-work. The industries represented by these factories include carpentry and joinery, firewood (bundles of fire kindling), cabinet-making, upholstery, French polishing, tinsmithing, blacksmithing, mattress-making, painting, engineering, wheelwrighting, saw-mills, tin-working, paper-sorting, rag-sorting, match and match-box making, baking, coach-painting, gas-fitting, etc.

A typical case of a clerk, who drifted into an Army Elevator, is given. "The poor man was too much reduced in strength to do any hard work, and was put to cleaning knives and forks, which he resented at first, but was induced to do by the captain in charge, who believes in the 'gospel of loaf, work, system, and the Grace of God.' To build up wrecks of humanity like this clerk. The clerk was truly converted, and is now in a situation in an accountant's office."

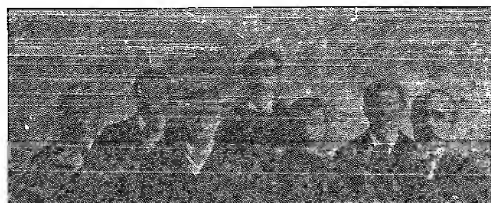
In "A Seventh View of Criminal Life," Brigadier Moss tells the stories of seven criminals who found their way into the Prison Gate Home of the Army. The incidents are very pathetic, embracing the cases of young beginners and old, hardened criminals. We regret that space will not permit us reprinting any of these.

The Home for Homeless Boys is doing its own peculiar work among the waifs of London; the most incorrigible and despairing cases are taken in the institution. Many of the boys sheltered are forced, by the drunkenness of their parents, to get their own living as best they can.

(Continued on page 10.)



A Cold Shower in a Shelter Bath House.



These Have All Done "Time," the One on the Left Being an Old Jail-Bird. They are now reclaimed and useful members of society.



## A Citizen of Heaven.

By MAJOR MINNAPS, New York.

A citizen of heaven appears, acts, and talks like a foreigner in this present world. He looks like a saint. The light of another world shines in his countenance. His actions are odd. "They (sinners) think it strange that ye run not with them." (I. Peter iv. 4.) The citizen of heaven speaks like a foreigner; his language is the language of Canaan. Against him the same charge can be made that was made against Peter: "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." (Matt. xxvi. 73.)

There is an air of

### Other-Worldness

about the citizens of heaven. Like John on Patmos, who was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, on the wings of such he soars away to the seventh mountains, and from their cloudless crests looks down the home of his soul. Grand visions of the city, whose builder and maker is God, meet before his enchanted eyes. Home-sickness takes possession of his heart, and he yearns to be with Him whom his soul loveth, but, recollecting himself, like Paul, he says: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." (Phil. i. 23, 24.) For the sake of others he crucifies his own desires that he might bless those for whom Christ died.

Moses is an example of what a citizen of heaven is like. One of the most earnest men,

### No Vain-Glorious Desire

ever possessed him to exalt himself by boasting others.

A young man said to Moses, "Eldad and Medad do prophecy in the camp." Joshua, who was greatly concerned for the prestige of the Chief Divisional Commander, exclaimed, "My Lord Moses, forbid them!" With the beautiful self-forgetfulness of spirit so characteristic of him, Moses replied, "Enslaves thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!"

This citizen of heaven was not so anxious to be a front rank man that he would do anything to crowd the Eldads and Medads into a corner. He never tried to make merchandise of the Spirit of God for selfish ends.

And Eldad cried, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

God discovered a heroic citizen of heaven, who had been jealous for His glory (I. Kings xix. 14) beyond Jordan, wandering in the wilderness. Not willing that he should remain in exile any longer, He translated him to the homeland in royal estate, and the familiar haunts of Elijah, the Tishbite, saw his form and face no more.

David was a citizen of heaven; hear him: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." (Ps. xlii. 1.)

Who is that strange man over yonder in raiment of camel's hair, subsisting on a diet of locusts and wild honey? He is familiarly known as John the Baptist. Judging from his speech, he is indeed a citizen of heaven, and very much

### Out of Touch

with the most respected citizens of his day. The elegancies of refined speech are sadly wanting in this foreigner. Consider the following: "When he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance." (Matt. iii. 7, 8.)

And now we come to One Who is superlatively a citizen of heaven, in fact, the Leading Citizen—Jesus. Give attention to what He says regarding His fellow-citizens (I. John iii. 13) "Marvel

not, my brethren, if the world hate you." Again (John xv. 19): "If ye were of the world the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember . . . (verse 20) if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you."

What more shall we say? The time falls us to notice others, for the list is a long one: "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." (Heb. xi. 37, 38.)

In view of the foregoing we repeat, a citizen of heaven is a foreigner, a stranger, and pilgrim on the earth.

Would you like to become a naturalized citizen of heaven, unsaved reader? Then speedily seek the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ by repentance, faith, and prayer, and He will transform you into a new creature and old things shall pass away. "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.)

Receive the Saviour, therefore, forthwith, and become a citizen of heaven.

## TRUE FAITH.

By G. M. E.

Few can read those words of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, concerning the faith of Abraham, which runs: "He was strong in faith," without giving utterance to a prayer that they may also become possessors of a like precious faith as that which, for ages, had been known as the special characteristic of Abraham, the "Father of the Faithful."

He was strong in faith from that hour when God was pleased to reveal Himself to His servant in Ur of the Chaldees, in the midst of a nation of idolaters, and when the history of the world, so far as we know it, was yet young; he had a marvelous vision, in which God bade him leave the country, kindred, and father's house, and go to an unknown land, and be obeyed.

### The Dawn of Faith.

Of the first dawn of faith in the soul of Abraham—for that was his name at the time of the appearance of the Divine vision—we have no record in the Book of books, but there must have been some chord in the soul of Abraham that produced music that pleased the great I. A. M. In this simple pastoralist He must have beheld a man after His own heart, one whose soul rose above the awful practices, and the utter soul-crushing evilness of a people who had not God in all their thoughts, or whose worship was confined to the planets, even at its highest.

### Josephus' Account of Abraham.

An interesting account is given by the Jewish historian Josephus of the religious views supposed to have been held by the patriarch. He is supposed to have been the first to proclaim the conception—presumably to the Chaldees—among whom he was then living—that there was but one God, the Creator of the universe, and that if other heavenly beings contributed to the happiness of men, it was only according to their appointment, and not of their own power.

He had determined to change the ideas they entertained of the Supreme Being; the irregular phenomena visible by land and sea, and those of the solar system, had all been noted by Abraham, and he argued thus: "If these bodies had power of their own, they would certainly maintain their regular motions, but since they do not preserve such regularity, they

make it plain that . . . they are subservient to Him Who commands them, and to Whom alone we ought to render our homage. And his convictions of these opinions, together with his call, led to his leaving that part of the world.

### Father of Many Nations.

Without subscribing to the truth of Josephus' statement, or of those by whom he afterwards came to be called "Father of Many Nations," the wonderful fact remains recorded, that no intelligent student of history—religious or secular—may be permitted to ignore it, that this man did become the "father" of a people which, after one of the most conquered histories, has kept itself a separate people for some four thousand years, and though scattered throughout the world, preserves its purity in nine millions, or thereabouts, of men and women, among them being some of the finest minds to be found amongst mankind.

This story might be called the Story of Faith. Indeed, if we go through it, as unashamedly written in the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is exhilarating to a degree to the soul possessing a spark of faith or enthusiasm for those who have. Now "Faith is the sustainer—ground or confidence" the margin has it—of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and the writer of that passage, and his wonderful insight into the lives of the worthies, tells us how faith wrought with the first recorded act of worship—that of Abel's offering to God—deals with the Abrahamic story by turning it into an ideal picture, in which we see, as though limned out by the master hand of an artist, the whole career of the giant believer. "He looked for a city, whose builder and maker is God."

### "He staggered Not."

Then comes that supreme test of the patriarch's faith, when the trial of his faith was to be made, in the placing of the only child of his old age upon the altar, under the sacrificial knife—probably the severest test that ever faith in divinity was subjected to, and with what a glorious result we know, for "He staggered not" even under this terrible trial.

But it was an endless task to resurrect all the heroes of faith, and we only mention the case of Abraham because there is none fitter that we know of; and we regard him as the type of a man who held his faith firm to that hour when he purchased his grave in the land in which he was a stranger, believing that it would one day—as God had promised—be the inheritance of his seed, though not until they had passed through much tribulation. Glorious Abraham!

### Hast Thou Faith?

To the Salvationist, to the child of God, whoever you may be, it is not enough to know of others who, through faith, "subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousnesses." The question is, "Are you a man or woman of faith?" Do you make conquests in the name of the Lord Jesus, Who redeemed you? Have you faith in God? And, if so, does it enable you to accomplish anything for His glory?

There is infinitely less excuse for our lacking faith at this period of the world's history, than there was for men in Abraham's day. The faith of God has been set up as high as the sun in the heavens at midday. The Word of God has become flesh, and has dwelt among men, in the person of Jesus Christ. What Abraham accounted God was able to do, when he raised the knife to slay his darling son, Isaac—that is, "accounting" God was able to raise him up even from the dead, we know, from the most sacred and holy words to which the world has listened, has been done.

Hast thou faith in God? Oh, let not that divine spark, which, as the gift of God, is the portion of every living soul,

be enflamed by the crowd of lusts and selfish desires and unholly ambitions which may try to force themselves upon you. Believe the evidence of your own heart, that the same Spirit that gave you confidence in a mother's loving prayers and promises when you were a child, and that made you a year romping girlhood or robust boyhood have no anxious thought for the morrow "while father lived and loved," offered the sort of faith that was your natural, any, your spiritual heirloom, too precious to be bartered away for a world covered with diamonds!

### And What Else?

And having believed in God, having believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and "passed from death unto life," what else? Live "a life of faith on the Son of God." Whether father, mother, or child, an officer, a minister, or a comrade of the Cross, in any and every environment, obey the voice of the Spirit. Christ is with you "always," teaching and empowering you, and making you even to your dying day, as is written on the plain stone of that suffering, yet triumphant, woman-saint, Catherine Booth—mother of the Army—more than conqueror. In life, with all its shocks of battle, its whirling eddies of temptation, its Niagara of sorrow, its many-voiced tumults, conquer! Surrounded by friends or foes, on native soil, or isolated in a land thousands of miles from home and yearned-for kindred, conquer! When lifting up Christ to the masses, without God and almost without hope, in the final and desperate charge for souls, in the prayer fight, conquer! And when the call comes to follow through the valley the dim figure of Christ, more than conqueror! through faith in Him Who loved us.

## THE HOME.

Home is the heart of business, and, as a rule, the conditions of home make or break a business man.

I am a bachelor, not from choice, but as a result of circumstances, in which my duties were devoted to invalids. I am in middle life, and I see and feel life on the side of lovelessness. I pass a part of my life on the platform and in kindly companies. I have written much for young people, and young people not infrequently come to me, tell me that they desire to marry, but have not the means to support a wife. I say to every young man who takes me into his confidence: "If you can earn twelve dollars a week, marry and make a home. It will satisfy your heart, and help you in your business. Two hearts in harmony can live on as little money as one restless heart alone, and a man is only half a man until he is married."

If my young friend continues to talk of ways and means, I sometimes tell him of the loneliness of an unmarried man in middle age. It is terrible. He may have money, and public favor, and reputation, but he is an exile from true affections of the heart if he has not a home. The club can never make him happy, nor can society, nor travel. The love of wife and child outweighs all other favors. Said the poet Whittier to a mother, "I would exchange whatever fame I may have for the love of a child."—Hezekiah Butterworth.

### IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONERS will gladly appropriate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the education of any of the following homes:

- The Harrington Home for Children, 46 Parley Ave., Toronto.
- The Industrial Home, 915 Yonge St., Toronto.
- The Working Women's Home, 24 Agnes St., Toronto.
- Port Hope, Rescue Home, Riverside Ave., London, Ont.
- The Homeless, 25 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
- Lucy Hall, 22 St. Antonio St., Montreal, P.Q.
- Port Hope, 22 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
- The Industrial Home, 2200 St. John, N.B.
- The Industrial Home, 2200 St. John, N.B.
- Hope Hall, 2200 St. John, N.B.
- Montreal, 2200 St. John, N.B.
- Liberty Home, 2200 St. John, N.B.
- Montreal, 2200 St. John, N.B.

## RAMBLING

Of the East Ontario Provincial Officers.

This corps is composed of officers, under whose command a soul-saving work is in them a visit recited, o'clock in the afternoon the corps and march through the town, and barracks, where a 3:00 held, which helped to night's public demonstration.

A barracks just above cases of conversion, at a town just over one. The famous 3000th, and as usual, and inside.

The Junior work is in condition. It is Company attendance five Companies; two Love members, and my visit thirty-eight Band of Love meeting at 8:30. The Band solo hand.

Had a fine time crowd for a week-long up by leaps. Adjt. Rabbington at the soldiers seemed God's hand gave us to say we had not raised his hand sign saved.

### Lippincott

Here, on Friday and Bandmaster I were made one of God bless them the Captain's faith "full salvation" as an all good to history.

Lippincott being writer played the attached to T. H. al for me to spend the Sundaying there, and a good time, with Fountain, and it crowd.

Lieut. Colonel once; the Colonel taken part in me together. Major Capt. and Mrs. well and Creighton, Capt. Wynn, with others, had a grand trip, Lippincott St.

Here we have Y. M. C. A. our purpose and purposes and a for a revival of Holy Ghost, plote of visitation God bless Capant, with their

came next, and to be sure I Officer) pointed out. Capt. ideas, and was meeting about been disposed Mites by La been announced a very success

The Band recently, and bers. They they played of the P. O. with an attraction.





# our Soldiers Page

## Dense Topics.

### OUR INFLUENCE.

There are two spirits in every man, and these spirits are contending together for the mastery. In all our relations we make our choice as to whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet; whether we shall liberate the best that is in them, or invigorate the worst. There are men who go through life and do no evil so far as action is concerned, but who blight everything fine and fair which comes in their way, by the chilling breath of scepticism; there are others who have a genius for calling out the best. It was impossible not to believe in the nobility and dignity of life when one listened to Phillips Brooks; his atmosphere made scepticism incredible. When Hume declared that he believed in immortality whenever he remembered his mother, he was bearing testimony to the almost divine influence which women of the highest type always exert, and which they often exert in entire unconsciousness. What a man believes is a vital matter, not only for himself, but for others. Let him believe in the best, and, however full of faults and imperfections he may be, there will be in his own nature a slow but tidal movement toward goodness, and he will make the attainment of virtue easier for all who know him. Let a man disbelieve in the possibility of purity, integrity, and unselfishness, and, although he may have great ability and many attractive qualities, he will smother the society through which he passes, and leave a blighted trail behind him. When a man comes to look back on his own life, his most blessed comfort may be the discernment for the first time that he has helped instead of hindered, and his most terrible punishment may be the discernment for the first time of the aid which he has given unconsciously and unintentionally to the process of moral disintegration and spiritual decline in those about him.

## Daily Soul-Tonic.

"Humility is the saint's best garb."

SUNDAY.—"Before honor is humility."—Prov. xv. 33.

Wouldst thou seek true honor before God and good men? Then be humble, fearing the Lord, and learning of every circumstance of life: how to trust God, observe the workings of His providence, and esteem others better than yourself. Men will be to you what they see themselves in your esteem.

MONDAY.—"Before the destruction the heart is haughty."—Prov. xviii. 12.

Proud men cannot see their faults; they hide them from others, and cover them up from themselves. They will not listen to reproof and admonition, because their mind is ever dwelling on the things they can do well, and never observe the many things in which they fail short. They walk with their heads turned to the clouds over the precipice of destruction.

TUESDAY.—"By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honor, and life."—Prov. xxi. 4.

If humility leads to riches, and honor, and life, they are not of that vaporous nature as the wealth and honor of this world, but of an enduring character. Humility's wealth cannot be stolen, and its honor cannot be tarnished, and its life is everlasting.

WEDNESDAY.—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."—Micah vi. 8.

The condition of God's blessing upon men are tersely described in the triad of justice, mercy, and humility, and they are the attributes of true love, the essence and nature of Christianity.

THURSDAY.—"Whoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. xviii. 4.

The rule by which greatness is measured in heaven is in opposition to the one in this world. Here the most selfish and grabbing are counted the greatest; there the noble, self-sacrificing hero, who walks in humility before his God, unnoticed by the world, will be set up as the standard of heaven's knighthood.

FRIDAY.—"Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Matt. xx. 27, 28.

Christ has set us an undisputable example of humility, for He was the servant of all men to win their allegiance to God. We need not cast about for excuses for our pride and stand upon our dignity, for there are none that can stand in the light of the Master's life. He was ever doing good, but never with the flourish of trumpets and with pompous pretensions.

SATURDAY.—"Whoever exalts himself shall be abased; and he that humilieth himself shall be exalted."

The man who exalts himself thereby makes himself a judge of his peers; but since no man can be his unprejudiced judge, he, of necessity, must be abased even in the eyes of men, ere the judgment of God smites him down. Walk humbly, and wait until thy God says, "Come up higher."

## The Riches Within.

People are very much, in this world, like jewels locked up. You may bring out the casket, and nobody see the flashing jewel; but if you will open it and take them out, and bring them into a favorable light, then you will begin to discern what is the richness of your treasure. We have so much to do besides being good in this world, we have so much use for the hand and for the foot, for that which is material, that few of us open up the jewel-case of life, and show men what are the beauties and riches of that which is within, which God thinks of, which angels watch over, which eternity is to disclose, and which is to make heaven radiant, when we shall shine above the brightness of the stars.—H. Ward Beecher.

## NOTICE! NOTICE! WANTED! WANTED!

### Special Troupe of Women, Weet Ontario.

Among the soldiers of many of the West Ontario corps are doubtless to be found some girl-soldiers who could devote part or all of their time during the winter to soul-saving work. Those who will do so please apply in person or by letter to Major McMillan, Clarence St., London, Ont.

Some of the sweetest songs ever sung on earth have had for their accompaniment a heart of-contrasting with suffering, and a spirit well-nigh quenched with sorrow.

## Platform Illustrations.

### Unheeded Warnings.

The Roman senators conspired against Julius Caesar to kill him. That very next morning Artemidorus, Caesar's friend, delivered him a paper, desiring him to peruse it, wherein the whole plot was discovered; but Caesar complimented his life away, being so taken up to return the salutations of such people as met him in the way, that he pocketed the paper, among other petitions, as unconcerned therein; and so, going to the senate-house, was slain. The world, flesh, and devil have a design for the destruction of men; we bring the people a letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. "But who hath believed our report?" Most men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter; but thus, alas! run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.

### Right Means to a Right End.

In the days of King Edward VI. the Lord Protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand their young Queen Mary in marriage to our King, according to their promises. The Scotch refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in Musselborough fight. One demanded of a Scottish lord, taken prisoner in the battle:

"Now, sir, how do you like our King's marriage with your Queen?"

"I always," quoth he, "did like the marriage, but I did not like the wooing, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword."

It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about by indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done by God's own ways. Otherwise we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereto.

### Beware of Evil.

Martin de Guina, master of the Touraine Order, was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and delivered, bound, to be beheaded. But he persuaded his executioner, who had him alone, first to take off his costly clothes, which otherwise would be spoiled with the sprinkling of his blood. Now, the prisoner, being partly unbound, to be unloathed, and finding his arms somewhat loosened, struck the executioner in the ground, killing him afterwards with his own sword, and so gained both his life and his liberty. Christ hath overcome the world, and delivered it in us to destroy it. But we are all Ashubs by nature, and the Babylonish garment is a bait for our covetousness. Whilst, therefore, we seek to take pleasure of this world's wardrobe, we let go the mastery we had formerly of it; and too often, that which Christ's passion made our captive, our folly makes our conqueror.

### Ramembrance of God's Favor.

Moreus Manlius deserved exceedingly well of the Roman state, having valiantly defended their capital. But afterwards, falling into disfavor with the people, he was condemned to death. However, the people would not be so unthankful as to suffer him to be executed in any place from whence the capital might be beheld; for the prospect thereof prompted them with fresh remembrance of his former merits. At last they found a low place in the Pustine grove, by the river-side, where no pinnacle of the capital could be perceived, and there he was put to death. Which way can men look and not have their eyes met with the remembrance of God's favor unto them? Look about the vineyard, it is fenced; look without it, the stones are cast out; look within

it, it is planted with the choicest vine; look above it, a tower is built in the midst thereof; look beneath it, a vine-press is digged. It is impossible for one to look any way, and to avoid the beholding of God's bounty. Ungrateful man! And as there is no place, as there is no time for us to sin, without being at that instant beheld to Him; we owe to Him that we are, even when we are rebellious against Him.

## What a Soldier Should Know

### In Sickness.

The Salvation soldier must not chafe or worry because of any affliction that may happen to him, or to those whom he loves. In sickness he can always rest assured that while he loves and serves God to the utmost of his ability, nothing can happen to him but what comes by the will of God, in the certainty that either God is aware of the situation, and could have prevented it had He seen fit to do so, or that it comes direct from God's own hand, and is therefore sent in love for his benefit.

### All Things Work Together for Good.

He can always be assured that all things, no matter how painful or injurious they may appear to him, can, and will, be made to work together for his good if he receives them in the spirit of submission, obedience, and faith. Nevertheless, the desire for restoration to health is perfectly natural, and, therefore lawful, and doubly so when combined with a desire to use the health prayed for in the work of saving men and glorifying God.

### Use Legitimate Means of Restoration.

It must be, therefore, equally lawful to ask God for restoration, and to use all legitimate means to bring it about, such as following the advice of those who are supposed to understand diseases, the nature of medicines, and the use of other means.

### Trust God Above Everything.

It must be equally allowable for the Salvation soldier, when afflicted, and led to do so, to seek healing directly at the hands of God, and that without the use of medicines. In such cases success is very honoring to God, helpful to the faith of His people, and calculated to exalt the power of God in the estimation of the unconverted.

### Sickness is Not Sin.

But it is not in harmony with the teachings of the Bible, the experience of holy men, and the dictates of reason to pronounce all sickness to be only a proof of unbelief, and that it is the will of God to heal all alike, and when He fails to do so, to pronounce it to be a proof of the existence of some secret sin, or the want of faith.

### Act in Good Sense.

Nor is it in harmony with the law of either God or man to refuse to call in proper medical aid when children, or other persons unable to decide for themselves, are seriously ill. You are not forced to act upon any advice given if you think it contrary to the will of God; but, in order to be an obedient subject, you should, according to law, have a medical attendant duly qualified to give a certificate of the cause of death, should it occur.

Materialistic science exaggerates the body at the cost of the soul. If it could conquer, its victory would be man's deepest defeat.

His name on his forehead! There is an obscure way in which character imprints itself on the face. The very attempt to conceal writes—Hypocrite!

## A Praise

By THE TERM

CHA

BREA

If we whose d the Ge-appointe deal with immo the end from the fore, understood case with which its destiny, when possibilities the life would pres being, as to what a and possibilities and to what glo they could be pu only we should when dealing w ures. If we d things we shou feel an earnest care concerning ceptual cases, oped into ext powerful ebra weigh up pres near as our o wit, and shoul it would not b Christ's Kingd His servants, a aged by a few pear and the or their progr our own mind stances presen pay us over an slacken our d renew our allig tify our tacti the greater v every effort to ward.

If we, too, what, person what degrees might aspire, same kind of order that w ourselves to Seeing, how the possibility respecting the are very larg and seeing w those we de into another Booth, another Moody, another or another to deal with that one eve d'istinctive c thing of wh to regret as duty to phy Could I be acquainted wi day at Elm after, she able outco converted I had never such a ten thing was to interru Scotchman since bec tion of "si realized th have mad Majesty: s the outco and zen-c on the ca The devil them to ment.

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# A Prairie Plucking; Or, SEED-SOWING AND ITS YIELD.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SEED SAMPLES.

If we whose duty it is, by virtue of the God-appointed position we hold, to deal with immortal souls, only "knew the end from the beginning," and, therefore, understood at the time how each case with which we deal would shape its destiny, what the opportunities and possibilities the future of this present life would present to that immortal being, to what extent these opportunities and possibilities could be taken hold of and to what glorious heights of success they could be pushed up, how very differently we should often act than we do when dealing with these precious treasures. If we did but understand these things we should, at all events, manifest an earnestness, a desperation, a care concerning those we knew to be exceptional cases, capable of being developed into extraordinarily useful and powerful characters. We should then weigh up matters in their true light, as near as our own estimation would permit, and should generally conclude that it would not be to the interests of Jesus Christ's Kingdom, or to our honor as His servants, for us to become discouraged by a few difficulties which may appear and threaten to impede our efforts or their progress. We should argue in our own minds, when adverse circumstances present themselves, that it would pay us over and over again, rather than slacken our efforts, or relax our zeal, to renew our diligence, to improve and multiply our tactics and prosecute with all the greater vigor and aggression our every effort to help and speed them forward.

If we, too, ourselves could but realize what, personally, we may accomplish, to what degrees of triumphant victory we might aspire, how much more of this same kind of thing should we do in order that we might qualify and help ourselves to arrive thereto?

Seeing, however, that with regard to the possibilities of others, as well as respecting those of our own, these things are very largely "veiled from our eyes," and seeing we cannot tell which sort of those we deal with is going to develop into another Catherine or William Booth, another Frances Willard or D. L. Moody, another of the awaited Pitches, or another Knox, or Wesley, we ought to deal with each so that should this or that one eventually prove to be of such distinctive calibre, we should have nothing of which to be ashamed, nothing to regret as to the part it became our duty to play in dealing with them.

Could the Provincial Officer's wife associated with this story have known that day at Edmonton what now, seven years after, she understands, as to the possible outcome of the only soul she saw converted in that campaign, the devil had never dared to present to her mind such a temptation as that "little or nothing was done," much less dare he try to interrupt or discourage the young Scotchman in the advance he has ever since been seeking to make in the direction of "sickle swingers." For had but realized these things then, both would have made the kingdom of his Satanic Majesty suffer all the more acutely as the outcome of their renewed energy and zeal-constrained toil as interest paid on the capital of his every such attack. The devil would have been too cute to think to make any such losing investment.

It would take too much time to write the story, even were it possible to correctly calculate the result of that "one soul." It is known, however, by record which the Army keeps that in the appointments which the Captain has since filled at Lismore Street, Brampton, Oshawa, Hamilton, Huntsville, Newmarket, Riverside, and Bowmanville, that something like 250 souls have been won to the Master, and that a fair proportion of these have also been enrolled as Salvation soldiers, which means, or should mean, that out of the number will also arise other "sickle swingers." Of these converts some already give promise in that direction, but our time has gone on

we might longer stay to tell of other cases of sheep-gathering, such as that of Treas. Murphy, of — corps, and—just one such "sheep" must, however, suffice.

PREPARE  
TO MEET  
THY GOD

WHERE  
WILL YOU  
SPEND  
ETERNITY

The Messes Adorning the Provincial Office at Winnipeg, which Aroused White's Curiosity.

The Territorial Secretary and his excellent wife were down to do a week-end at Hamilton, Ont., and landed in that "Ambitious City" about 6 p.m. Tea was already provided when we reached the officers' quarters. The Scot was there, but excused himself from taking tea with them—he must visit the saloons with Cray, etc., before the former closed. While the Scot was performing these weekly duties at this hour the Territorial Secretary and his wife listened to a description by W—'s District Officer, of "a certain sheaf" which the Scotch "sickle swinger" had, by God's grace, gathered. We all understood that it takes a Scotchman to catch (convert) a Scotchman. The story ran about as follows:

J. Mac— had been a bar-tender for 15 years in a certain hotel in that city. He was a reliable man and in the service and estimation of the proprietor, a man of great value. W— got hold of J—, got the plough of truth at work in his soul. God's Spirit co-operating, worked the harrow of conviction in his conscience. J— himself fostered these workings, and with the combined efforts of this training—the careful, kindly, and faithful toll of the Captain, J—'s own repentant action, and the power of the Holy Ghost—J— was soon brought fully into the garden of saving grace. He immediately "threw up" bar-tending, as he then returns to which he turned his face for several weeks in search of more noble employment, during which time he received protests galore from his old proprietor and others, to "return to his old job."

Eventually, however, through the Army's agency, J— obtained a position in Buffalo, N. Y. When he paid his farewell visit to said Hotel, the proprietor put up the strongest protest of all. J—, however, would neither be persuaded, shamed, driven, nor coaxed back to his old ways, to express his disapproval of which the proprietor presented J— with the gift of a purse, which when he had opened it, was found to contain \$50. Such expression of disapproval doubtless had a great effect on J—, who, the last time we heard of him, was doing well in the enjoyable service of his new environment and privileges—those of a soldier of the great S. A.

Capt. and Mrs. White are now in charge of our Portage in Prairie corps. In Manitoba, and in view of recent events, and the Bible declaration that "one shall chase a thousand," but that "two shall put ten thousand to flight," we may hope to hear of still more numerous such "sheaves" being gathered in the days which are to come.

THE END.



Capt. G. P. Thompson.

## "How the Devil Came to Church"

A short time back I was around visiting and I came across a small pamphlet with the above title. Being a Salvationist, I'm not so well acquainted with how the devil goes to church, as I am how he comes to the Army barracks. However, this title reminded me very forcibly that I had met the devil in several forms.

A well-dressed, smart-looking young man came in one night, and when the invitation was given for testimonies he rose to his feet with as long a string of religious talk as ever you heard. He had been drinking enough from the wine cup to give him the courage his mates said he didn't have. Anyway, his speech proved that it was the devil at the Army. Poor dude.

Another young fellow came out to the drum-head in the open-air, and professed to get salvation. He came along to the barracks, gave his testimony, and was applauded by the officers and soldiers for his heroic action. After the meeting he called the Captain outside and wanted to borrow a dollar-bill, and a few of his chums stood on the opposite side of the street. It was there the devil showed himself. Silly dupe.

A very popular young lady thought she'd like to be clever enough to get the Captain to leave his post in the Army, and decided to go to the penitent form and make a profession of salvation for a trial. She did so, but failed in her mission of getting the Captain to leave his post. The said young lady lost a great deal of her popularity among her lady friends, and left town for a year while the sore was healing. De-fused lass.

The devil at the Army has had many a hard knock, but it doesn't discourage him, he still keeps it up.

I could tell of dozens of times the devil has put in his appearance in this fashion, but the number of times that he has been along drunk, with his pockets full of small stones, peas, nuts, rice, salt, etc., etc., is past my reckoning.

Years of experience have taught me that the devil is very industrious in his business, he never lets me time be wasted, but is full speed about his work all the year round. Knowing this gives me a great desire to get in every moment that I can for God. I realize that to be able to defeat the devil we must be filled with God, to snatch precious souls from the devil's grasp, we must live with God, and be hourly in touch with Him.

Every Christian should feel it his duty to spend a certain portion of his time studying the best way of flooring the works of the devil by raising the flag of holiness.

The devil has too much of his own way. Oh! for a mighty wave of holiness to sweep across our fair Dominion of Canada.

## Do Your Duty.

Do thy duty and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace with thee apart from the honest and faithful discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which rightly viewed, are angels of divine discipline. Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and think too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.—Frederic R. Marvin.

In human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood.

## CUR HISTORY CLASS

### II.—THE ROMANS.

#### CHAPTER XII.

The two brothers, Caracalla and Geta, who had both been destined by their father to succeed him, concluded a treaty with the Caledonians, who had again revolted, and then returned to Rome. The hatred which they had cherished against each other from their boyhood now burst forth with greater animosity, and it was in vain that their mother, Julia Domna, attempted to bring about a reconciliation: Caracalla, the more cruel of the two, caused his brother to be murdered in the very arms of his mother, and then declared him to be a god, A.D. 212. No one, however, allowed to mention the name of Geta, and all his friends were put to death. Among these victims was Caracalla's own instructor, the great jurist Papinian. Besides these, thousands of others were murdered in order that the tyrant might gain possession of their property. When these means no longer sufficed to provide him with what he wanted to gratify his lusts, he deteriorated the coinage, and in order to be able to increase the taxes, conferred the Roman franchise upon all free-born subjects of the Empire. But all these things made his name so odious at Rome that he felt uneasy, and resolved to travel through the various countries of the Empire, all of which were now equally robbed and plundered, and deprived of their best inhabitants. Thus he devastated Gaul in A.D. 213, and in the year following he was obliged to purchase peace of the Germans, notwithstanding which he assumed the title Germanicus. After this he traversed Macedonia, aping Alexander the Great in his dress, gestures, and the inclination of the head: thence he proceeded to Asia Minor, where he imitated Achilles. Ostracism was made by him a Roman Province, but as attempt upon Armenia failed. At last he arrived in Alexandria, where some pasquinades upon him had been circulated. For this offence he now punished the city, in A.D. 213, by ordering the greater part of its inhabitants to be butchered by the soldiers. The place is said to have been literally deluged with blood. After this atrocity he proceeded to Antioch, being desirous to obtain the surname Parthicus. He gained his object, without fighting a battle, by treacherously causing Artabanus, the King of the Parthians, to be put to death. But on his return he himself was murdered, on the 8th of April, A.D. 217, near Edessa, by his own soldiers, headed by Macrinus, the prefect of the pretorians.

Macrinus, the murderer, was then proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers, and continued the war against the Parthians, but without success, and was obliged to purchase peace of them with an enormous sum of money. The Roman senate disliked Macrinus, because, being himself a Mauritanian of low origin, he raised vulgar persons to rank and station: and with the soldiers he was unpopular, on account of his harshness. Messa, a sister of Julia Domna, the wife of Septimius Severus, accordingly had no difficulty in exciting the soldiers against him, and persuading them to confer the imperial dignity upon her own grandson, Elagabalus, a priest of the Sun at Emesa. This happened on the 8th of June, A.D. 218. In the ensuing struggle between the two Emperors, Macrinus and his son Diadumenianus were murdered at Chalcidion. The mad and brutal lusts, and the fearful extravagance of Elagabalus, however, soon created universal disgust. It would almost seem that at times he was actually laboring under insanity; he raised his grandmother to the rank of senator, and instituted a senate of ladies to honor his mother, and to determine the fashions and ceremonies. As Messa perceived that the Romans would not tolerate the young and cruel voluptuary much longer, she persuaded him to raise Alexander Severus, another grandson: of hers, to the rank of Cæsar; Elagabalus complied with the request, but finding that the Cæsar daily rose in popularity, he attempted to murder him: at length the pretorians, utterly disgusted with him, put him and his mother to death on the 11th of March, A.D. 212.

## Soldier Should Know

ation soldier must not characterize any affliction that comes to him, or to those whom he loves, as a punishment. In sickness he can always find that while he loves and to the utmost of his ability, it happens to him but what he will of God, in the sense that God is aware of the visitation have presented it had it to do so, or that it comes direct from His hand, and is therefore for his benefit.

### Work Together for Good.

Always be assured that all matters how painful or injurious appear to him, can, and will, work together for his benefit, and in the spirit of obedience, and faith.

The desire for restoration is perfectly natural, and, and doubly so when there is a desire to use the health in the work of saving men and God.

### Means of Restoration.

Therefore, equally lawful for restoration, and to use means to bring it about. Following the advice of those disposed to understand the use of medicines, and the means.

### Do Everything.

Equally allowable for the soldier, when afflicted, and led to healing directly at the use of medicine, and that without the use of such means, as is to God, helpful to the people, and calculated to give glory to God in the estimation of the world.

### Be in Harmony with the Bible.

The Bible, the experience of the dictates of reason to sickness to be only a proof of that it is the will of God, and when He fails to announce it to be a proof of some secret sin, or of some secret sin, or of some secret sin.

### Be in Harmony with the Law of Nature.

Be in harmony with the law of nature to refuse to call in a doctor when children, or able to decide for themselves ill. You are not to give any advice given if contrary to the will of God; be an obedient subject, and according to law, have a duty qualified to give a cause of death, should

police exaggerates the fact of the soul. If it is a victory would be sent.

forehead! There is a character line face. The very at writes—Hypocrite!



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## Editorial.

### Sick to the Real.

We are in an age of superficiality. This is not a copyrighted observation, but one, nevertheless, voiced by the best minds of the age, and one that every-day observation drives home to the contemplative mind. To keep up appearances the sterling, thorough-going qualities are sacrificed. Cheap imitation, veneered education, hollow pretensions meet us on every hand. Luxuries have so multiplied, that many formerly unknown have now become necessities, and daily life is occupied with a hundred trivialities and worries to the exclusion of genuine development and growth of the soul. Beware of spending your vitality in fretting and flarry, and forgetting the one thing needful. Let us remember at the beginning of this century that God does not judge by appearances, nor man either, in the end, but sees the real man underneath it. Let us consider our conduct in the light of our conscience, and drive home this need to the world, in order to awaken a genuine revival among the masses and the classes, for there is much apparent and fashionable religion stalking about with much flourish of trumpets and pompous show. Let us strive for a better recognition of the realities of eternity.



### Editorial Notes.

**Thanks.**  
We desire to thank officers, soldiers, and friends for the many letters congratulating us on the Christmas War Cry, since we are unable to acknowledge and reply to them all separately. These opinions are appreciated and valued, assuring us that we are in some measure successful in giving the public good value for their money. We also wish to gratefully acknowledge the kind criticism which a number of daily and weekly newspapers published about the Christmas War Cry.

**Winnipeg Christmas Treat.**  
The ever-up-to-date Major Southall has again managed a great Christmas dinner for the poor of Winnipeg. Over one thousand meals were supplied, and many baskets were sent to the homes of sick and poor families. We expect to have a detailed report of it in our next War Cry.

**Sincerest Sympathy.**  
With deepest emotion we hear of the double sorrow that has befallen Capt. Huskinson. Only on Christmas Day Major Turner buried her mother, and four days after it a telegram informs us of the death of her father. We are certain that our comrades will uphold the grief-stricken Captain before the throne, that the consolation and grace

of our God may be abundantly manifest to her in her bereavement.

**To Contributors.**  
Officers, soldiers, and friends will please take note that we are always in need of literary aid in the shape of stories, long and short, articles for sinners, backsliders, and unbelievers, life-experiences, sketches, incidents, to be written in terse, direct, and interesting style. Please note also, that, as a rule, contributions cannot be inserted immediately they reach us, as some imagine. Each manuscript is read, and, if suitable, filed according to its contents. It will then take its turn in publication, unless it is a current topic, when it will at once be sent to the printers for insertion, if acceptable.

**Original Songs.**  
We have a big stock of original songs on hand. It is a pity that nice out of ten are available because not sufficient care is taken regarding the rhyme and rhythm. We have many songs with a good theme and tune, that are spoiled because some lines have too many, others too few, syllables, or some of the lines rhyme badly, or not at all. We have not, as a rule, time to "fix them up," although we do it occasionally when time permits. If our song-writers would be careful on that point (have some other person sing them over to you, which will show up weak points the quickest) we shall be able to publish more original songs every week.



December 31st, 1900

**THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.**  
The week's reports show the situation to be of a saw-saw nature. Success and failure alternate on both sides. With the news that a crushing defeat has been inflicted on the two Boer forces invading Cape Colony, comes also the report of the disaster to General Lyttelton's forces at Helvetia. Fifty of his garrison were killed and wounded, and two hundred were taken prisoners. Helvetia is a strong position on the Machadodorp-Lydenburg Railway. The Boer forces in that neighborhood are said to be provided with ammunition and other supplies. Kimberley is said to be almost isolated. No mail service has reached that place for nearly two weeks, and food stuffs are reported at famine prices. Lord Kitchener is personally superintending the subduing of the Cape Colony invaders from De Aar. Boer bodies are reported near Johannesburg, which place is strongly garrisoned. It is reported that the Cape Dutch are not taking up arms to aid the Boer forces. A squadron of Yeomanry fell into a trap near Britstown; there were a few casualties, the remaining force was captured, but has since been released. On various occasions Boer forces have been found dressed in khaki. The Boers attacked a number of British garrisons in different places, but without success. General Knox is again face to face with the Boer General, De Wet, at Ficksburg, which has been in the hands of the Boers for some time, has been re-occupied by the British. The Boers at Getak captured a convoy of twenty-five waggon on Christmas Eve.

**OTHER WAR ITEMS.**  
The new British Secretary of War, Mr. St. John Brodrick, has demanded the resignation of General Curle on account of the loss of Yeomanry at Lindley. The General refuses to resign and demands a court martial, as he claims he only obeyed orders. Lord Roberts has reached Gibraltar, and is expected in London the first week in January. Great preparations are being made to give the Commander-in-Chief a magnificent reception. Colonel Otter and some of the Ontario men of the Canadian Contingent returned to their homes on Christmas Day, and received a hearty welcome. Ex-President Kruger is

said to have given up hopes of intervention, and to have advised the Boer commanders to make peace or fight independently. A brother of General Louis Botha has arrived at Home on his way to The Hague with despatches for Mr. Kruger. He claims that the war in South Africa will last for years, and predicts a revolt of the Cape Dutch. The Government of New Zealand will send drafts to fill vacancies in its contingent in South Africa, as well as an additional force of mounted men.

**THE CHINESE QUESTION.**  
The Chinese Emperor has accepted the preliminary conditions to peace negotiations as submitted by the allies, and has asked for a cessation of hostilities, also urged his envoys to hasten a settlement. It is also reported that the Emperor and Court expect to return to Peking in February. Prince Tuan and Prince Chang have been arrested by order of the Chinese Government, as a token of their sincere desire to carry out the demands of the allies. The French inflicted a great defeat upon the Chinese, capturing five flags and a number of guns, after defeating 2,500 men; they suffered much less loss themselves.

**COSMOPOLITAN CLIPPINGS.**  
A terrific gale has visited the English Channel, and has caused great loss of life and property. It is said that this has been the worst disaster known for years. The ships of the British Navy, vessels in harbor driven against each other and sank in collision, and many lives lost without any chance of giving aid. A number of vessels have been missing since the gale, and many bodies have been washed ashore. The regular mail service of the steamers with the Continent had to be suspended for a period. Lord Armstrong, the inventor of the Armstrong gun and a noted scientist, is dead. A brother of Andrew, the North Pole explorer who ascended in a balloon, but never returned, believes his brother to be dead. At Constantinople some Turkish soldiers cruelly insulted and ill-treated the British Charge d' Affaires, and other members of the British Embassy. Demands for redress have been made to the Porte. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is to be married on Yule eve. In the British Navy Yards there are under construction eleven battleships, nineteen cruisers, and fourteen smaller vessels. The fighting in the Philippine Islands is continually reported. The U. S. troops, as a rule, come off victorious, but it is an extending warfare, as the enemy generally conceal themselves and retreat before any advance into the mountain fastnesses. Rumors of fresh murders of Christians are reported from Armenia and Albania. In the latter province the peasant rising has been subdued with great cruelty. A number of Christians, including women and children, who sought refuge in a church, were burned alive by the Turkish soldiers setting fire to the church and driving the victims, who sought to escape, back into the fire.

**NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.**  
Some of the London, Ont., postmen had to use hand-carts to deliver the Christmas mail. The United States has declined to use its influence to settle the boundary trouble between Bolivia and Chili. Two freight trains collided at St. Thomas. The conductor faultily hurt. Several cars were derailed and three of them were burned. Trooper Mullor, the blind hero of Winchester, has been paid a gratuity of \$1,000 from the Patriotic Fund. Fifty thousand cavalry horses and mules have been purchased for the British Army in the United States. It is said that each one of the animals cost the British Government \$300 by the time they were landed in South Africa, and the average service is only six weeks. Pneumonia is prevalent in Dawson City.

### A FINE GIRL.

Just arrived at the home of Adj. and Mrs. McGilvray, Braetford, a fine, bouncing baby girl, and "it's the picture of her daddy in a thousand different ways." Mother and babe are doing well.

## Christmas at the Centre

The Commissioner's Christmas Tree for City Officers' Children—Christmas Dinner with the Officers of the City—Items

The Commissioner's Annual Christmas Tree was a very enjoyable affair for both young and old. Tea was served early in the Council Chamber, and during the time consumed in clearing away the tea tables, the little ones played innocent games in the big hall, and ran about in joyful glees, fathers and mothers watching, with faces wreathed in smiles. When, at the given signal, the parents and children re-assembled in the Council Chamber, a magic lantern, operated by "the Morris Brothers," gave some views of animals and arctic landscapes, which were hailed with exclamations of delight, and that the species were recognized from the future generation.

After the lights had been turned on again, a telegram from Santa Claus announced his coming, but a telephone message was sent at once to hurry him up. Meantime it commenced to snow on the platform. To the huge delight of the youngsters, a fine, large, and well-decorated Christmas Tree stood on one side, while the other portion of the platform displayed a home scene, with a cherry glow in the fire-place.

Presently the jingle of sleigh-bells and the stamping of animals is heard outside, and through the glass-paneled door, Santa Claus with a big bag full of presents, assisted by a little brownie.

Santa Claus made a nice speech, and personally distributed a present from the Commissioner to each child, supplemented afterwards by a bag of candies. The children were all pleased, and with a prayer by the Commissioner, the happy gathering came to a conclusion in good time.

### The Officers' Dinner.

Friday evening an excellent spread was provided for the city officers in the Council Chamber, followed by the usual Christmas gathering. There was certainly a pleasant spirit of comradeship and good feeling in general in evidence. Songs, choruses, and specification followed each other, and there is no doubt but that each one present, not only thoroughly enjoyed the meeting, but left with a definite blessing.

Staff-Capt. Manton led off with an original talk of his visit to England and the blessing it had brought to him. Many original, enjoyable, and instructive things were said by the various speakers, such as Mrs. Broad, Adj. D. Creighton, Major Turner, Staff-Captain Page, Mrs. Margatta, Major Pickering, Mrs. Stanoy, and others.

The Chief Secretary thought the present T. H. Q. Staff a model combination, and after review of his career, over twenty years of his personal experience of the S. A. war in Canada, he thought we were in the best of fighting trim. To understand the Army, or any other concern for that matter, one must look at it from the inside, and this he could do. He thanked God that the Commissioner was still with us, and that he belonged to the world-wide Army.

The Commissioner's rising was the signal for prolonged applause. "I must have the Saviour with me," was the verse that our leader requested us to sing, and on it lingered her remarks. She admired and desired that timidity and utmost dependence upon the Saviour, which dares no advance without His guidance and presence.

What we wanted to-day, was men and women who are not blind to their responsibilities. Responsibility grinds out thought, throws out strength, burdens muscle, widens experience, and broadens judgment. The Commissioner's talk was a prized blessing and inspiration to her officers, who know how to appreciate these gatherings with their beloved leader.

### The City Corps.

All the city corps had a Christmas Tree for their Juniors, and report enjoyable and successful demonstrations. The Temple, especially, had an elaborate celebration. Holly and evergreen was abundantly used for decoration, and the whole Junior Staff worked hard and willingly to make a very creditable meeting.



How the Money for the 20,000 of New York

### UNITED

The great Staff has been full of it attended with important subject the three days' Commander and

The week from is to be observed Prayer and Ros the United States

The Cherry Tree has just been cut Hall, under the Consul, in great and glorious Sage graces the appropriate address

The latest feast American field in Provinces comprised in charge of a been formed, and latter reporting quarters.

A stupendous given to 20,000 the Salvation Army Over 3,000 given at the Madison 3,200 baskets of the same place individuals. So of the preparation the following ition this great Turkey ..... Chicken ..... Beef, mutton, ..... Beans, coffee, ..... Candies ..... Nuts ..... Vegetables ..... Potatoes ..... Sugar ..... Apples ..... Pies ..... It will be no fruits, etc., b They will, how the rest. It loaves of bread

Colonel Hol Wood have ment of the Madison Squ

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## at the Centre

Christmas Tree for City  
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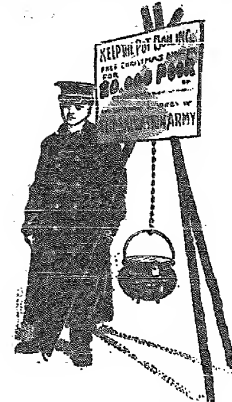
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How the Money for the Christmas Dinner for  
20,000 of New York's Poor was Collected.

## UNITED STATES.

The great Staff Congress just closed has been full of important features and attended with much success. Many important subjects were dealt with at the three days' Councils, led by the Commander and Consul.

The week from January 6th to 12th is to be observed as a Special Week of Prayer and Reconciliation throughout the United States.

The Cherry Tree Home sale, which has just been concluded in the Memorial Hall, under the personal supervision of the Consul, has been pronounced a great and glorious success. Mrs. Russell Sage graced the occasion and made an appropriate address.

The latest feature introduced on the American field in the Provincial system. Provinces comprising several Divisions, in charge of a Provincial Officer, have been formed, and Chief Divisions, the latter reporting direct to National Headquarters.

A stupendous Christmas feast will be given to 20,000 of New York's poor, by the Salvation Army, at an early date. Over 3,000 guests will be entertained at the Madison Square Garden, and 3,200 baskets will be distributed from the same place, with food for 10,000 individuals. Some idea of the enormity of the preparations can be formed from the following items necessary to provision this great banquet:

Turkey	4,000 lbs.
Chicken	9,000 lbs.
Beef, mutton, or pork	3,000 lbs.
Beans, coffee, and cranberries	1,000 lbs.
Candles	2,000 lbs.
Not's	2,000 lbs.
Vegetables	3,000 lbs.
Potatoes	500 lbs.
Sugar	12 lbs.
Apples	50 lbs.
Pies	1,200

It will be noticed that milk, butter, fruits, etc., have not been mentioned. They will, however, be proportionate to the rest. It is estimated that 8,000 loaves of bread will be required.

Colonel Holland and Staff-Capt. Sam Wood have been allotted the management of the great free dinner at the Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Three Days' Soldiers' Congress, just concluded by the Commander and Colonel Higgins, in Philadelphia, has been the most memorable in the history of the Army in that city.

The new Annual Report has just been published by the New York Trade Headquarters.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

The late Junior Campaign has resulted in a rich harvest of young souls, and a general advancement of the Junior work in the Territory.



A big program has been arranged for the Seven Days' Congress to be held in Cape Town. Over 160 Staff and Field Officers will take part.

Plans for the coming Self-Denial effort are already under discussion.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Christmas number of the Social Gazette is a worthy production. Its full, striking front page, and general illustrations, make it in every sense a holiday number. Among others of its reasonable contents are two letters from the General: One a message of hope to the occupants of the Shelters at Christmas time, and the other a special appeal to our friends asking for aid on behalf of the submerged.

The London Christmas War Cry has on a special coat of many colors, in the shape of a cover added to the regular sixteen-page number. The frontispiece illustrates an Indian harvest after the recent famine. The contents are excellent, being a choice selection from our best British writers. The General contributes "The Stone Christ," the Chief of the Staff also has an article, "In Unexpected Places." Commissioner Railton, Colonel Wilson, and Brigadier Moss are represented, while the balance of the contributions is chiefly by the "initial elite."

## AUSTRALASIA.

The Cup-night Celebration, conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, in the Melbourne Town Hall, was attended

by an enormous crowd, and was the scene of great enthusiasm.

The Indian boys have just concluded their tour in Queensland, which was magnificently blessed of God. They will next visit New Zealand.

The Headquarters Staff Band has put in a lot of hard work in connection with the Self-Denial appeal just closed.

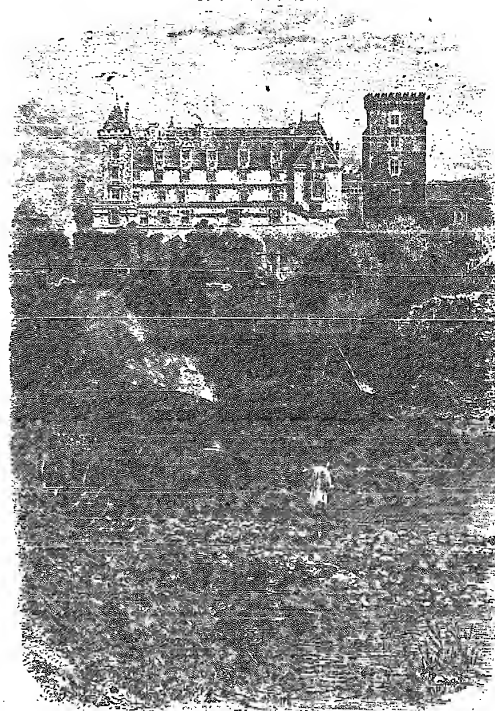
Lieut. Fontaine and her assistant traveled 192 miles by horse, and about 97 in the bush, from shearing shed to shearing shed, in the interests of the above-mentioned effort.

## A Prodigal's Letter.

(Extract.)

"I can never forget the day I stepped back from the ranks. I went out thinking that I could do more good. In a dark hour I trusted too much to self, I did not look to God, and that caused me to give in. God only knows the bitter experience I had to go through after I left the dear Army. I felt I had forfeited all I had—I had sold my birthright to the Kingdom of Heaven. I did not know how to value my position as an officer, and the inestimable worth, the blessed privilege God had given me. I believe this experience of mine will make me more than ever to be a greater blessing than I have ever been to all. What sad and irreparable experience I had to pass through; but, God be praised that He has given me another opportunity to fight for Him in the ranks of the Salvation Army."

## SCENES OF EUROPE.



Chateau de Feit, Franco.



Major and Mrs. Johnson.  
Recently Married at New York.

Over 1,200 poor people received a good Christmas dinner at the Salvation Army barracks yesterday. The crowd was greatly in excess of last year, and the excellent dinner given was greatly enjoyed. Small packages of candies were distributed to all who went in. Much credit is due to the officers and girls of the barracks, who labored incessantly all day for the benefit of their guests.—Winnipeg Tribune, Dec. 26th.



## The Commissioner

Will Visit and Conduct Meetings  
as Follows:

BRANTFORD,

Tuesday, January 15th.

MONTREAL,

Sunday, Jan. 27th—Afternoon and Night  
in the Windsor Hall.

Monday, Jan. 28th.

## Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER.—Hamilton  
L. Sat. and Sun., Jan. 12, 13; Hamilton  
11, Mon., Jan. 14; Dundas, Tues.  
Jan. 15.

THE DYNAMIC TROUPE.—Mid-  
land, Fri., Jan. 11, to Thurs., Jan. 17;  
Barrie, Fri., Jan. 18, to Thurs., Jan. 24;  
Collingwood, Fri., Jan. 25, to Thurs.,  
Jan. 31; Meaford, Fri., Feb. 1, to  
Thurs., Feb. 7; Owen Sound, Fri., Feb.  
8, to Thurs., Feb. 14.

## West Ontario Province.

THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will  
visit: Inverell, Jan. 8 to 13; Wood-  
stock, Jan. 14 to 20; Paris, Jan. 21 to  
28; Galt, Jan. 29 to Feb. 3; Heseler,  
Feb. 4 to 10; Guelph, Feb. 11 to 17.  
Half-Night of Prayer every Monday  
night.

## MRS. READ AT PICTON.

Picton's Pioneer Officer Buck Again for a  
Visit.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, who, as  
Capt. Goodall, opened this corps over  
16 years ago, has just paid us a visit.  
From the start to the finish her meet-  
ings were an unqualified success.

It was a beautiful tribute to the af-  
fectionate natures of the Picton people, to  
observe the way they turned out to  
welcome back their old-time leader. The  
barracks was nicely filled on Saturday  
night, and completely packed on Sunday  
afternoon and night; at the latter meet-  
ing hundreds were turned away.

Mrs. Read handled her different sub-  
jects with great skill, and the power of  
God was seen working in the sinners'  
hearts. In the afternoon a dear Junior  
came to the Mercy Seat voluntarily, and  
at night a backslider of some long wan-  
dering came home.

Monday night Mrs. Read addressed a  
large audience in the Methodist Church,  
the meeting being ably presided over by  
Mr. Harvard McMullen.

Through Mrs. Read's kindness in com-  
ing we were enabled to wipe off a large  
debt which has burdened the corps, for  
which we say, "Praise God!"

Since these meetings four men, who al-  
most yielded in Mrs. Read's meetings,  
have got saved.—Mandolin and Jew's  
Harp.

## The "Darkest England" Scheme Up to Date.

(Continued from page 8.)

Here is the information given by one bright, sharp-witted boy of fourteen—  
"Parents?"  
"Dead, sir."  
"How long ago?"  
"Father died in the Workhouse of 'D.T.'s." (These boys know the abbreviations for all kinds of horrors).  
"And your mother?"  
"She died of rheumatism, sir, through hawking and hoarding."  
"What standard did you pass at school, Harry?"  
"The fourth, sir, and then I walked it. Never been since."

### THE SLUM ANGEL'S WORK.

Major Bond writes of "The Little Thing Tommy Left behind Him," as follows:—



"The Little Thing."

"My acquaintance with the Little Thing, whose portrait is herewith printed, came about in this way: A few weeks ago, an Officer entered my office, and asked me to run down to Mrs. Colonel Hay's room for a few minutes. (Mrs. Colonel Hay is the Chief Officer of the London Slum Work). I made the necessary descent, and found myself face to face with the Little Thing. To say I received a shock is putting it very mildly. I never thought a baby could be so reduced and yet live.

The photograph falls far short of the original. The child was twelve months old, and did not weigh thirteen pounds. The average weight of a healthy child of that age is, of course, twenty-one pounds. Its bloodless little body was mere skin and bones; anything more like an Indian famine child it is difficult to imagine. It was speckled and pitted all over from the ravages of vermin, and its drawn, parchment-like face, with the bright eyes, large head, and small neck, made it appear for all the world like an undyed birdling. On the table lay its feeding-bottle, containing a quantity of water, with the faintest discoloration of condensed milk. This was its food! A dirty, ragged petticoat and vest were its entire clothing.

In this condition the Slum Officer had discovered it, lying on a bag of straw, all alone, in the top room of a tenement house, down a slum court.

After hunting up the mother, the Slum Officer brought the Little Thing to the Medical Officer at the International Headquarters, who pronounced it to be in a dying condition, but prescribed a course of treatment for it; and the Slum Captain took it to her own quarters.

The story of the mother is a sample of the heart-breaking misery to which the poor of London are chained. The Army finally took the mother into a



Waiting for the Captain to Start the Meeting.

## A FEW FIGURES SHOWING SOME OF THE WORK OF The Darkest England Scheme in the United Kingdom.

	In 1900.	Total since beginning of the Scheme.
Number of Meals Supplied at Cheap Food Depots.....	2,463,802	29,277,377
" Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless.....	1,567,562	12,725,524
" Meetings held in Shelters.....	15,427	73,874
Amount of Cash received from the people for Food and Lodgings.....	£32,745 15s.	£331,187 15s.
Number of Applications from Unemployed registered at Labor Bureaux.....	11,282	123,090
" received into Factories.....	3,042	25,918
" for whom Employment (temporary and permanent) has been found.....	9,476	99,750
" of Ex-Criminals received into Homes.....	525	4,623
" Ex-Criminals passed through Homes, restored to friends, sent in situations, etc.....	182	3,218
" Applications for Lost Persons.....	3,569	22,109
" Lost Persons found.....	1,216	8,180
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes.....	2,460	20,100
" Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes who were sent to situations, restored to friends, etc.....	2,135	16,501
" Families visited in Slums.....	39,718	100,018
" Families prayed with.....	41,951	73,031
" Public Houses visited.....	45,103	136,931
" Lodging-Houses visited.....	295	555
" Lodging-House Meetings held.....	251	407
" Sick people visited and nursed.....	1,777	3,649

Home to prepare her for service, and the Little Thing is thriving under the care of an Army nurse.

### WOMAN'S WORK.

The incidents of Rescue Work, tales of Women's Shelters and Maternity Hospitals, etc., are all fascinating, and calculated to arouse sympathy for the victims and genuine admiration for the devoted women who have consecrated their lives to this truly Christ-like work, and above all, our praises to God who raised up and inspired our loved General to organise this grand Army to save men's souls and bodies.

### DESERTED BY HUSBAND.

Deserted by her husband; cast out by unloving parents; scorned by everyone, and soon to become a mother, Mrs. Oliver B. Moss, aged about 17 years, wandered about the streets of Watertown a few nights ago. The girl was poorly clothed, her garments being but rags in the form of a dress. The rents in the rags exposed the tender flesh to the bitter cold and driving snow. The pangs of hunger tormented her; the scorn of passers-by angered her, and the thoughts of a night in the streets added to her grief. It is written that the "darkest hour is just before the dawn," and the saying is oftentimes true. About mid-night Mrs. Capt. William Tremblath

of the Salvation Army, found the homeless girl and took her to Capt. Tremblath's home, at No. 10 Park Street.

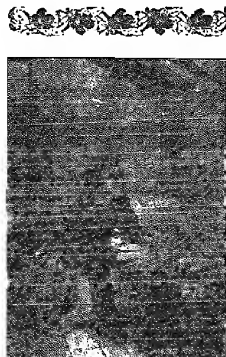
To go back. The beginning of the girl's misfortune dates back to March last, when she became the wife of Oliver Moss. Moss is about 50 years old and came to this city about two years ago to build trestles for the Black River Traction Company's Dexter extension. He purchased a lot on the corner of State St. and Indiana Ave., and began the erection of a \$5,000 house. While engaged in the erection of the house he also became engaged to Clara, the 17-year-old daughter of Frank and Anna C. Moss and the girl was married, despite the disparity of their ages, and resided at the C— residence. The couple lived in married bliss for three weeks, when the husband left the wife and took up his headquarters at Mack's hotel, on Court St. On June 13 he left the city and has not been heard from since.

For a time Mrs. Moss lived with her parents and a little later went out to work. She worked at different places until her secret was learned and then she was cast out upon the streets. It was thus that Mrs. Tremblath found the girl. She was taken to the good woman's house, where she was clothed and fed, and by soliciting among friends of the Salvation Army, Mrs. Tremblath secured funds, and Saturday night left with the girl for Philadelphia, Pa., where the girl will be placed in the Salvation Army Rescue Home for deserted women. The unfortunate girl will be cared for until she is once more able to go out into the world and earn her own livelihood.

If anybody knows herself to be in a false position let her step out of it. If anybody has been unkind or inconsiderate, or self-absorbed, or morbid, or ungenerous, let her quickly kneel and tell the Lord that she is penitent and ask His forgiveness, and then, in His strength, let her turn over her new leaf. But all this should be done quietly—not with a flourish of trumpets—Margaret E. Sangster, in the January Ladies' Home Journal.



At 1 a.m. in Regent Hall Oxford Street



Despair.



Some Waifs Under Our Care.



### Eastern P.

### ADJUT. DOWELL

North Sydney, C. S. and How to Get Him that was announced and Adjut. and Mr. Clark were the visitors had not been to the lecture. He was the way the Adjut. subject. Capt. try and keep on the D. O. to ensure their men man. Sunday day of victory. has just arrived. I was with us all day battle at night two nation. Finances Thompson.

### THE WORK

Kentville, N. S. speaks you had on came the enquiry for other day. "None" We are flourishing last week-end, and on.—A. Jeas, R. C.

### Newies

### TWO SOULS

Catalina, Nid.— victory. God's Sp. hearts of the uns joy of seeing two for pardon. May diers of the cross for greater victory

### A NEW SET C FROM

St. Johns, Nid.— its own. A grand many souls are the most week two Christ and twenty the blessing of b attendances are s lectures for the v The new brass b just arrived from every way up to and friends are Much credit is d splendid get-up o McLean, Adj.

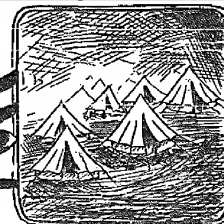
### BETTER

Geeseberry Isl a day of blessing being felt in nil





## FROM FORTS AND OUTPOSTS



### Eastern Province.

#### ADJT. DOWELL'S LECTURE.

North Sydney, C. B.—"A Bible Wife, and How to Get Her," was the subject that was announced for Thursday night, and Adj. and Mrs. Dowell, accompanied by Capt. Leadley and Lieut. Clark were the visitors. One man who had not been to the Army for six months, thought he would like to hear the lecture. He was well satisfied with the way the Adjutant dealt with his subject. Capt. — thought he would try and keep on the right side of the D. O. to ensure three stations as a married man. Sunday was a most blessed day of victory. Capt. Greenland, who has just arrived from Newfoundland, was with us all day. After a strong battle at night two souls professed salvation. Finances tip-top. — G. P. Thompson.

#### THE WORK FLOURISHING.

Kentville, N. S.—"Who were the specials you had on Sunday afternoon?" came the enquiry from an outsider the other day. "None at all," was the reply. We are flourishing just now. Two souls last week-end, and the work still goes on.—A. Jess, R. C.

### Newfoundland.

#### TWO SOULS SEEK PARDON.

Catalina, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of victory. God's Spirit worked upon the hearts of the unaved, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls crying for pardon. May they prove true soldiers of the cross. We are believing for greater victories.—Lieut. Snow.

#### A NEW SET OF INSTRUMENTS FROM ENGLAND.

St. Johns, Nfld.—OM No. 1. is holding its own. A grand work is going on and many souls are getting saved. During the past week twenty have decided for Christ and twenty others have sought the blessing of holiness. The open-air attendances are splendid. Our total collections for the week amounted to \$72. The new brass band instruments have just arrived from England, and are in every way up to date. The comrades and friends are delighted with them. Much credit is due to I. H. Q. for the splendid get-up of the whole set.—J. S. McLean, Adj.

#### BETTER ON BEFORE.

Georgetown Island, Nfld.—Sunday was a day of blessing, much of God's power being felt in all the meetings. In the

afternoon we rejoiced over two Juniors coming to the fold. At night a poor backslider claimed pardon. We are believing for better times. Praise God for what He has done, and for what He is going to do.—M. Noel, Lieut.

#### A SPECIAL TIME.

Heart's Delight.—We are still pressing on at this camp. God is on our side and victory is sure. Since you last heard from us we have had a very special time, in the shape of a cake social, which was enjoyed by all. Our friends gave a good collection, which went to purchase lamps for the barracks. Sunday we had the joy of seeing two souls come home. Our Lieutenant is the right man in the right place. God bless him.—Cadet H. Wiltshire.

### Central Ontario Province.

#### GOD IS PROSPERING HIS WORK.

Little Current.—We praise God for ten souls since last report. We are having good success in our work among the people and God is blessing us. Great crowds attend the meetings, and the soldiers are all on fire. We are determined to go ahead.—Lieut. J. Marskeil.

#### STARTING THE BRASS BAND.

Bowmanville is a very good town. The people are kind and love the S. A., consequently we are making good progress. Staff-Capt. Stanton has paid us a visit. His meetings were very impressive. The soldiers were inspired, converts blessed, and one sinner saved. We wish the Staff-Captain to come again and bring Mrs. Stanton with him. We are re-organizing the brass band, and fully expect a prosperous winter. To God be the glory for victories won.—Capt. and Mrs. Howell.

### East Ontario Province.

#### BUILDING CROWDED, MANY TURNED AWAY.

Morrisburg.—We are still marching on to war. On Friday night we held a meeting at the outpost, Capt. Weir, the Hallelujah Scotchman, to the front. Hall crowded, and many had to go away unable to get in. Finances good, and the best of all, three precious souls plunged into the Fountain. Blessed time here on Sunday. Devil again defeated, when two sin-burdened souls sought deliverance. One, a brother of two of our officers, who for the first time prayed the penitent's prayer, and, thank God, his prayer was heard. The other was the prayer of a backslider, which was heard. Praise the Lord!—M. E. Cook, Capt.

#### KEEP BELIEVING.

Cobourg.—We are still alive here in Cobourg. The enemy is very much in evidence, and so is Dad Leighton, who is always ready to give the devil a few good knocks whenever he has a chance. We are believing for good times this winter.—R. Oregio.

#### THEIR NEW CAPTAIN.

Millbrook.—We can report victory for this week-end. We have just welcomed Capt. Redburn to Millbrook. We had a high old time. God came very near and three souls sought salvation.—Auto-harp.

#### A DOCTOR, METHODIST, AND TWO SALVATIONISTS AT KNEE-DRILL.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—With all the difficulties we have to encounter in this city, the Lord is opening up the way.

Saturday and Sunday Capt. Weir, of Prescott, was with us and we had blessed times. On Saturday night the Captain spoke on a woman's revenge, which was very much enjoyed. Sunday was a light, from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m., but, praise God, two souls surrendered. Capt. Bloss was invited over to Prescott for Christmas, and on his return, when opening the door of his quarters, he beheld a cheque for \$10 which some kind friend had sent along. I can imagine the Captain's joy on opening the envelope. Praise the Lord, He is good to His people.—R. C.

### West Ontario Province.

#### APPRECIATE THE CHRISTMAS CITY.

Blenheim.—The Christmas Cry and supplement were beautiful, and without doubt, the best yet. They were much appreciated in Blenheim. We were delighted in getting our supply, but under the able management of Capt. Mothers we were enabled to dispose of 137 copies, thus beating previous years by 30 copies. None were left for Sunday. Stanley Rumble, a Junior, 11 years of age, took orders for 34 copies. Can anyone beat this?—Ina Groom.



Ensign Garrie Staiger.

### North-West Province.

#### A VISIT FROM ADJT. McRAE.

Dauphin, Man.—Since reporting last Ensign Perry has visited us with his lantern. The service entitled "Poor Mike" was enjoyed, and one soul sought salvation. This week we have rejoiced over two coming for salvation, and nine for sanctification. On Sunday last Adj. McRae was with us. His meeting closed with one soul in the Fountain. Praise the Lord! The devil is being defeated, and we are looking for a harvest of souls.—Thomas F. Stickle, R. C.

#### SOULS! SOULS!! SOULS!!!

Lethbridge.—During the past few weeks we have had a continual run of soul-winning. The returning of some of our comrades was in direct answer to the many prayers which have from time to time ascended the throne on their behalf. Others have come out for full consecration. Many have been saved, and today are living evidences of the realities of a Christian experience. God bless the converts. Ere this appears our Christmas festivities will be over, and in my next report I hope to furnish an account of another glorious defeat over the devil. Ensign Perry, our T. F. S.

who is expected to farewell from the N.-W. Province, will have spent another Christmas with us.—Wm. Barrow, R. C.

#### A CHARGE OF THE RED-HOT BRIGADE.

Larimore.—Peter said, "I think it meet to stir you up." (11. Peter i. 13.) In this spirit our dear comrades who travel under the name of the Red-Hot Brigade, came to Larimore, and God has in a very special manner poured out His Spirit. Truly it might be said, as of Paul's special meetings (Acts xix. 23) "There arose no small stir about that way." Christians out of nearly every denomination in the city were found seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and eleven precious souls sought pardon and are rejoicing in the love of Jesus. Many, including your correspondent, took Him as Physician for body, as well as soul, and some proved where physicians failed, Christ could effect a cure. The children were not overlooked, and during the series of special meetings, ten dear children accepted Jesus. We have reluctantly said good-bye to our comrades. May God continue to bless and prosper them, and may many souls through their efforts rise up to glorify our Heavenly Father, is the prayer of their many friends and comrades in Larimore. We are looking forward to even greater victories in the future, for God is with us.—Carrie E. Barringer, Capt.

#### A GOOD WEEK, THE RED-HOT BRIGADE LEADING.

Devil's Lake.—The Red-Hot Brigade has been here and a mark for God and eternity has been made. Their meetings resulted in two souls seeking sanctification and six claiming salvation. An all-time salvation effort, as put forth by our comrades, is just what is wanted occasionally. God bless them! We were favored with fine weather. The Brigade came at the finish of a storm and had an exceptionally fine week, but went away just as another storm was commencing to rage. Crowds and finances doubled for the week, and afternoon open-air were the order of the week. Both saved and unsaved would be glad to see our comrades again.—Wilkins and wife.

#### A VISIT FROM ENSIGN PERRY.

Prince Albert.—We have been favored with another visit from Ensign Perry, who has just spent five days with us. The meetings were good. Although the fight of late has been hard, God has come to our help. Our last convert on Sunday night was a Junior only seven years old, who was desirous of serving Jesus. May He keep her true. A good crowd attended the lantern service on Monday night. Tuesday night was the Ensign's farewell meeting. We wish him God's blessing.—Billie Seales.

### Pacific Province.

#### GOING FOR SOULS.

Spokane, Wash.—Three souls came to God last Thursday. Some of our comrades who have been hiding their light under a bushel are manifestly helping our dear Captain, now that she is in charge during the absence of Staff-Capt. Galt. Adj. Dodd and his wife help us as often as they possibly can. Neither of them are blessed with the best of health, but, praise God, they are both willing to share the light under all circumstances. They are in charge of the Social work here, and God has blessed them spiritually, and we trust that He will bless them physically. We are hungry for souls, and through His Divine power we are going to have our hunger satisfied.—Joe Logan.



Capt. Johnson, Women's Shelter, Toronto.

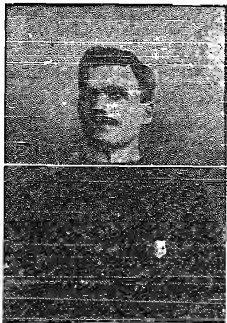




## Our Locals.

Floor-Sergt. Wm. Matthews, Ottawa.

Sergt. Matthews is an Englishman by birth. He lived in the County of Warwickshire until the age of 12 years.



Sergt. Matthews, Ottawa.

When an evangelist visited his village and held tent meetings. Of the influence of those services the Sergeant says himself: "Although only twelve years old the Spirit of God spoke mightily to my soul. One day, when the evangelist gave the invitation for sinners to stand up to be prayed for, I felt as though I ought to be saved, but I put the matter off. The evangelist went away, but the Spirit of God never left me. I dreamed terrible dreams of the Judgment Day, in the which I found myself standing alone before God. For about twenty months the Spirit of God strove with me, then an evangelist visited a neighboring village, and there I sought the Saviour and God spoke peace to my soul, and I arose from my knees a saved lad. I returned home happy in my new-found joy. A month after my conversion the Lord gave me the soul of my chum, who today is a faithful soldier of the Cross. I served God for four years until I secured a situation away from home. Having no Christian influence about me, I drifted away from God, and after a time into sin. In the Fall of 1888, I came to Canada, still walking in the way of the backslider; but last Watch-night (1889) I attended the Watch-night service at the Salvation Army barracks. I came back to Christ and renewed my vows, which, by His grace, I mean to keep. I was enlisted as a soldier on the 8th of March, by Adj. Hendricks, and praise God He has kept me fighting. I firmly believe that the Army is the place where God wants me to be. I now hold the position of Sergeant, which I trust to fill to the best of my ability. I want, by the help of God, to be a credit to the Salvation Army. I might just mention that the Army has friends and soldiers in every class of society, and I believe here we have a bright future before us.

PALMERSTON.—Treas. Scott Cowan is a Local Officer that you can depend upon. He has been a loyal Salvationist for over 16 years, and although he lives about five miles in the country, yet, if it is at all possible to come into town, you will see him in the open-air telling the story of Jesus and His love. The Lord has prospered him in this world's goods; he has a very nice farm, and loves to help on the work of God with his money. Nothing seems too hard for him to do for the cause to which he belongs. He has been a great blessing and help to many around him, and many officers who have been stationed at Palmerston will not very soon forget the Treasurer's faithfulness. May he be kept steadfast to the end.—W. Orchard, D. O.



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## Mike in Penitentiary.

Well, Mr. Editor, that was kind of ye to put in all that long piece I sent ye a while ago, but then ye Arme peepel are hit by the timber that adwus enlourages a poor nau in tryin to du a littu good.

I'm movin still, an things keep happenin in fur to rite about, so that it seems as tho I wud never stop. I sed by yer paper that Mr. White is gone out West. It's meself that's sorry, for Mr. White an me got to be good friends in Toronto. I mite tell ye a little joke about Mr. White, but it mite hurt his feelings so I won't tell just now.

Well, since leavin Toronto I've been movin a good deal, but ye'll not be thinkin I did anything had when I tell ye I've been in penitentiary, fir

## His Sentence was Only Thirty Minutes.

an they won't let me go back for three months in kunn. Well, explainin meself more clearly, I sa, I went wid Mr. Kendall an sum other Salvationishers. It made me harte sorry to see the hundreds of dese men, men who God loved as much as anybody else, but who were fustled an ruined by the devil. Well, they gin Mike ten minutes to speak; it was the chans or a lift-min. Mr. Editor, I'd rather hav ten minutes in speak in this mess than a mity pile of sack. As the poet has sed:

"I love to tell the story  
Of Jesus and His love."

An dere men listened nice they was havin a treat, as we talked an the sisters plaid an sung sum or yer beautiful Salvationish songs.

It's a pity yer Arme can't go oftener to the penitentiary, but the government won't allow it, an ye can't blame them; it's the poor men's own fault, for doin the devil's work an so gettin in the pen. Sum folks is always blamin the government for their misfortunes, but I've always noticed if a mau has the rite government in his own harte he get along all rite. My nabob, Tom Jones, an always grow good potatoes whether the Kussuratives or the Liberals was in power, an it all kum by

## Hoola! His Own Patch

in-tead of sittin in the saloon abusin the government. But sure, I'm not clockshinerrin.

Well, I moved on down to Montreal, an went to see Mr. Williams at the old kore an Alexander St. Ye shud see Mr. Williams leudin a testimonny meeth. Bein in a Presbyteryian meself, I'm quiet like, but I enjoy a lively time just the same. Mr. Williams is in the work in a strikin manner, an he akts like a workin mau, unfin off his kote an

## Rollin' Up His Sleeves.

he goes at it unill he sweats. He is a stone-mason to trade, an a salvasium builder by the wa he akts now, an sure he's layin some fine stones in the old kore at Montreal. Ye'll see he meeth so far that Mike reads his Bible, an Mr. Williams' akshuns makes me think of what the grute apostle sed about "livin stones bein blit up in a spirital house." Mr. Williams is blitin up a spirital house wid some lively stones. There is me old friend, Mr. Monkey, who was brin in sin, cussin, swearin, an drinkin; but Mr. Williams, wid his mason's hammer or Gospel truth, has bit him dead.

## An' Worked Off the Roff Korners

an got him to seek the dere Lord, an now he is a lively stone in the Lord's house, pitchin in an workin, an helpin to look after an poor sinners, an help all be kum. Sure it's more or these lively stones the dere Lord wants, who will du sumthin for His Kingdom. The world seems nore ful of du-nothin saints dese days.

Well, herin that the hoy preacher was in town, I made up me mind to hear him, tho it is mite onous for Mike to miss even one meeting in yer Arme, but it isn't any harm to visit yer nabors wunst in a while. I've no use fur peepel who sit in their nabors' houses all the time, an neglect their own work for the dere Lord. If me nabors kin teach me how to hoe me own garden better, I'm not above leerin even from a hoy. I'll go and see what the hoy is like, sez I.

"Oh, take me," sez a little gurl.  
"An me," sez a hoy.

"I will," sez I, an in company wid the darlins I went to the church.

I went to hear a hoy, an that is just what I heard—a hoy talkin straight koommon sense in the power of the Spirit of the dere Lord. Sum peepel sa he rambles from his subject. I never an before that it was any harm for a hoy to ramble. I tho it was boy-nature, an the Lord made boys that nature. I think the harm ov ramblin depends a good deal on where a hoy rambles to; an if this hoy rambled at all it was amongst good straight truths from the good book. Hiz ramblin made me think of a story I had red of a mother who was talking to her hoy about the evils ov sin. At last her remarks becam pretty personal. The hoy kullered up, an sed, "Mither, don't ye think ye've wandered a good deal from the subject?" The hoy preacher rambled from his subject to sin in the harts ov his hearers, an but it sum pretty heavy blows. Me harte was all warmed up, an I fel in love wid the preacher and his kury-headed brother. "Christianity is what ye make it," sez the hoy. "Rite," sez I, an turnin up me Bible I red, "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright mau thou wilt show thyself upright; with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the forward thou wilt show thyself forward."

But it was over, an we left the church. "How did ye like it?" sez I to the hoy who was wid me the was a Salvationish hoy, about as old as the preacher.

"He gin it to them straight from the backhose," sez he.

Mr. Editor, I was struck wid the remark. "These boys who is scovin the Lord is no fools," sez I to meself. "Gin the boys a chance," sez I, an I went on to me home thru the howlin storm, convinced that the Lord had called the lad.

—Movin Mike.

## The Dynamic Quartette.

Two More Weeks at Lindsay Result in 48 Seniors and 6 Juniors for Salvation, and 24 for the Blessing—18 were Enrolled on the Spot—At Fenelon Falls 10 Spelt Salvation.

The second and third weeks spent at Lindsay brought even greater blessings than the first. For some time the Locals and soldiers had been praying for a great onslaught on the enemy, hence the flood-tide of salvation that swept in upon the place. At the penitential hour hobs were cast away, and tobacco and pipes exchanged for S. A. shilds and S's.

So the revival has been rolling out, and God has poured out His spirit upon the meetings in a wonderful manner. The crowds have been excellent, being the large hall nearly filled every night. In almost every meeting sinners have been crying for mercy.

At the conclusion of our stay we had a musical meeting and enrolment. Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Fryn took their departure for Fenelon Falls, while Adj. Newman and Capt. Trickey remained on a week longer.

Many good cases of conversion took place, and several started out at once to put on uniform. In a holiness meeting one sister who had left the hall was compelled by the Holy Spirit to return and get right at the foot of the Cross. In the Junior meeting some of the children came and gave their young hearts to God.

A second enrolment was conducted by the Adjutant, and out of the 25 who promised to become soldiers, altogether 16 took their stand and were enrolled under the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

On Sunday Lieut. Bone faredwell for a short furlough. At the close of the last meeting we joined hands and sang together. "Hil be true, Lord, to Thee."

In looking back over the days spent at Lindsay, we count nearly twenty-five hundred people who attended the meetings, giving almost \$50 collection. 54 souls was the total for salvation, and 24 came out for sanctification. Some

Candidates and Corps-Cadets will be secured out of that number.

Leaving Lindsay, we journey on to Fenelon Falls, where a hot dinner is provided at the quarters. Capt. and Mrs. Howel having just faredwell, there were no officers, but the soldiers were full of light and went in to do their part in making the visit the success it was.

It was our privilege to spend Christmas at this corps, and a "Merry Christmas" it was. A kind friend did not forget to send along a goose. During Christmas Day two open-air and three inside meetings were held, with good crowds. It would do you good to hear the testimony of one of our dear Indian comrades. In his broken language he says, "Me was not good, but Army came tell me be good. No bad at all any more."

On the last night we had with us quite a few soldiers from Lindsay, who drove over; among that number were many of the recent converts, who were full of life. A musical meeting was held. The "Gretic's" song caught on all right. The duet by Sisters Lindsay, solo by Lieut. Bone, and others, were well appreciated. "Happy" Jack was in evidence.

A letter was read to Adj. Newman and a Christmas gift was presented to him by the other members of the quartette, as a token of their esteem. He replied, expressing thanks. The Adjutant read from God's word.

The inner man was replenished by refreshments being passed around; then in we went for a "Half-Night of Prayer." A large crowd stayed, and God's Spirit was at work upon their hearts. Some yielded to His pleading, and we all rejoiced together for the blessings received. At an early hour we retired to rest, feeling happy over the nine days' victories, during which our souls had come out for salvation. We stayed off at Lindsay for another night, on our way to Orillia—N. R. T.



so Parents, Relations and Friends: We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe. Send us a card for free postage, and we will send you a card in return. Address: COMMISSIONER OF THE ARMY, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Send us a card for free postage, and we will send you a card in return. Address: COMMISSIONER OF THE ARMY, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Send us a card for free postage, and we will send you a card in return. Address: COMMISSIONER OF THE ARMY, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

## First Insertion.

RUDGE, SARAH. Age 29, fair complexion, dark eyes. Last heard of 13 years ago at Brass Street, Newtown Row, England. Friends in B. C. enquire.

RUSHNELL, JOHN H. Age 50, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in. Formerly of Pictou, Ont. Has been missing 14 years. Lived at Watertown, U.S.A., for seven years. Not heard of since. Friends enquire.

## Second Insertion.

COHEN, WM. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in. dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair. He is very stout and has a scar on his forehead. Mother very anxious.

MATCHETT, ROBERT. Missing 11 years. Age 32, height 6 ft. 8 in. brown hair, dark complexion. Trade, coach painter. Last known address Paisley, Ont.

SMITH, G. W. Missing 11 years. Blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of at Helena, Mont. Father most anxious to hear.

TEMPLE, LL. Age 43. Born in the United States. Dark hair and complexion, and blue eyes. Barber by trade. Left Seattle for Alaska three years ago last August. May be at the Pacific Coast. Last heard of at Lake Lindeman. Friends enquire.

BELL, ANTHONY. Age 12 years. Left Montreal Tuesday last. Not been seen since. One foot frozen. Had one large boot and small one. Father in Sudbury exceedingly anxious.



### The East Maintains the Lead—Arab at the Head of the Ontario Provinces—The North-West Showing Well, but the Pacific is Missing this Week—Kitchener the Champion Still.

The East is getting on a gait in keeping with her standing otherwise, and we are glad that there is such a marked improvement which we trust will be maintained in future.

Arab seems to take unkindly to the Eastern advances, and has somewhat dropped, but still is ahead of the Ontario Provinces. I should not be surprised to learn that he is just getting his wind for the homestretch, when he will endeavor to crowd the Eastern Star. Of course, this is only a surmise, not a prophecy.

For a change, the Pacific list is missing this week, while the North-West shows up very well indeed.

The individual championship is held by Lieut. Kitchener (230), but Lieut. Crawford is only five behind her, and may yet snatch the laurels from her brow. Capt. Martin, of the East, is third with 192.

May the new Century see a mighty boom of the War Cry, but please don't wait until it closes, but do your share of the boom to-day!

#### EASTERN PROVINCE

104 Hustlers.	
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	192
Mrs. Adit, Fraser, Halifax I.	165
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay	153
P. S. McQueen, Moncton	145
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	140
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II.	121
Capt. J. Clark, Carleton	110
Nash Flood, Hamilton	100
Cadet Weakley, Sydney	100
Lieut. Taylor, Amherst	100
Mrs. Santuca, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Courad, Halifax I.	100
Adit. Jennings, Windsor	100
Cadet Vandine, Yarmouth	92
Ensign Knight, Westville	90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle	90
Lieut. Redman, Chatham	85
L. Newell, Yarmouth	85
Capt. Allan, St. John I.	84
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	84
Capt. Ryan, Truro	84
Lieut. Lebeaux, Truro	81
Cadet March, New Glasgow	79
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	79
Lieut. White, Sussex	65
Lieut. Tatum, St. John V.	65
A. Goodwin, Annapolis	65
R. Reid, St. John I.	65
Capt. Forsy, Canning	65
May Myles, Kentville	54
E. Ramie, Bridgetown	50
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Adit. Fraser, Halifax I.	50
Adit. Dowell, New Glasgow	50
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	50
Sister Adams, St. John V.	50
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	50
Lieut. Lebeaux, Pictou	50
Sergt. Peckwood, St. Georges	50
Lieut. Monbray, St. George's	50
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's	50
Adit. Higgins, Fredericton	45
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.	45
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax II.	45
Capt. Leadley, Sydney Mines	40
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Digby	40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Kellie, St. George's	37
Capt. Bell, Somerset	37
Cadet Reeves, Sydney	36
Lieut. Smith, Fairville	35
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Phoebe, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Pemberton, Bridgewater	34
Capt. O. Thompson, N. Sydney	32
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	32
Adit. McNamara, St. John I.	30
Lieut. Fraser, Hampton	30
L. McPadden, Fredericton	30

P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	27
S. Holden, Windsor	26
Capt. McEachern, Chatham	25
Mrs. Allan, St. John II.	25
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	25
Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg	25
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	24
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	24
Corps-Cadet McLennan, St. John I.	24
Mrs. Sherwood, St. John I.	22
Sister Moore, Charlottetown	22
Capt. Green, Bridgetown	22
Capt. Anderson, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Trafton, Summerside	20
Lieut. McIvor, Summerside	20
Capt. Kirk, Fairville	20
Bro. Murray, Sydney	20
A. Thompson, Moncton	20
Lieut. McCann, Sackville	20
M. Sparks, New Glasgow	20
Lieut. Clark, New Glasgow	20
A. Munro, Glace Bay	20
B. Lorrie, Yarmouth	20
Capt. Doyle, Moncton	20
Cadet Munro, Freeport	20
Capt. Perry, North Head	20
Cadet Munro, North Head	20
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	20
Adit. Byers, St. John II.	20
Capt. Tiller, St. John II.	20
Capt. Brebant, Southampton	20
Lieut. Netting, Siclarton	20
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton	20
Capt. Hunt, Bear River	20
Lieut. Chandler, Bear River	20
Ensign Sica, St. Thomas	50
Capt. Fyfe, Wingham	50
Lieut. Sackells, Wingham	50
Adit. Wakefield, London	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Mrs. Glover, Dresden	43
Lieut. Penney, Palmacreston	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Berlin	40
Capt. Coy, Seaford	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel	40
Capt. Jordinson, Hespeler	40
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Noble, Norwich	40
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	39
Lieut. Greenwood, Tilsonburg	38
Capt. White, Clinton	36
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll	35
Ensign Howcroft, Ridgeway	35
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Adit. McHarg, Petrolia	32
Capt. McCutcheon, Ingersoll	31
Capt. Mathers, Blenheim	30
Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	30
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	30
S. M. Martin, St. Thomas	30
P. S. M. Dearing, Hespeler	30
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	30
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
Mrs. Harris, London	30
Rose Ellis, Dresden	28
Cadet-Lieut. Martin, Chatham	28
Capt. Harman, Redwood	25
Bio. Driesinger, Hespeler	25
Capt. Beech, Bayfield	25
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	25
Cadet-Lieut. Craft, Guelph	24
J. S. Treas, Melbury, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	23



Dr. Boomer: "The reason, Sergeant Grumbler, you are down ill is because you have worried too much about the Captain's and the Editor's business, and have done too little hustling yourself. My advice is, take plenty of exercise, and there is nothing better than selling War Cry to make you step around in cold weather."

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Kitchen, London	258
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	253
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	176
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	175
Lieut. Knackie, Woodstock	145
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	105
Mrs. Wagner, Windsor	102
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	100
Adit. Blackburn, Simcoe	100
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	98
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	77
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	76
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaford	71
Lieut. Maizey, Essex	70
Capt. Greenwood, Windsor	70
P. S. M. Benn, Goderich	68
Sergt. Wright, Ingersoll	67
Lieut. Carley, Galt	65
Lieut. Edwards, Guelph	62
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgeway	60
Capt. Halsey, Sarnia	60
Ensign Gumble, Guelph	58
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	56
Mrs. Bumble, Chatham	53
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	55
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	53
Cadet-Lieut. Watson, Blenheim	50

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.	
Lieut. A. Parker, Hamilton II.	150
Sergt. Danberville, Hamilton II.	130
Cadet-Lieut. Currell, Burrie	130
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	125
Capt. Hanna, Midland	95
Sister Gimbert, Temple	75
Capt. M. Stephens, Owen Sound	70
Capt. J. McLennan, Owen Sound	70
Capt. Matthews, Ligar St.	68
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	68
Bro. Marcus, Bloomfield	65
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	55
Lieut. McFania, Lippincott St.	53
Sergt. Stewart, Ligar St.	50

Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Mrs. Howcock, Lippincott St.	50
Sister Goffton, Temple	50
Ensign G. Brant, Wesley	50
Capt. Huskisson, Newmarket	47
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	47
Ensign Lott, Meaford	47
Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	45
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	45
S. M. Gilks, Yorkville	42
Capt. McCann, Hamilton I.	40
Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton	40
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	40
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	40
Sister Bowman, Temple	40
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	40
Capt. Liston, Toronto I.	37
Bro. Dixon, Temple	36
Mrs. Adit. Bale, Bracebridge	35
Capt. A. Sherwin, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Rose, Lindsay	35
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	35
Capt. Darrach, North Bay	33
Adit. Goodwin, Hamilton II.	32
Lieut. Price, North Bay	32
Ensign McNeill, Kawartha	30
Adit. Deshray, Barrie	30
May Tuck, Ligar St.	30
Capt. Meeks, Yorkville	30
Sister Medlock, Temple	30
Lieut. Leggett, Brooklin	30
Capt. Daley, Orangeville	28
Capt. Mary, Newmarket	28
Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines	28
Capt. Rennie, Dundas	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Capt. Liddard, Aurora	27
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	26
Corps-Cadet McKearney, Riverside	25
Lieut. Marsell, Little Current	25
Lieut. Wadge, Little Current	25
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	24
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	24
Adit. Cameron, Temple	24
Cadet-Lieut. Wilson, Dundas	23
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	23
Capt. Rose, Uxbridge	23
Capt. Clark, Huntsville	23
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	22
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Toronto I.	21
P. S. M. Southwell, Toronto I.	20
Sergt. Calvert, Bracebridge	20
Mrs. Julian, Dorchester	20
John Haines, Orangeville	20
Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville	20
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	20
Sergt. Shay, Huntsville	20
Capt. Haverott, Collingwood	20
Bro. Goddard, Norland	20
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	20
S. M. Rogers, Ligar St.	20
Ensign Curry, Hamilton	20
Sister Menzies, Fenelon Falls	20

#### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

69 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Pictou	152
Capt. Burch, Newport	135
Capt. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	131
Capt. Woods, Newprior	121
Lieut. Crozier, Port Hope	115
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	115
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	107
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	105
Lieut. Bryan, Gananoque	102
Capt. Prober, Marshburg	97
Mrs. Adit. Moore, Kingston	87
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	85
Sergt. Barber, Burlington	80
Sergt. Major Dudley, Ottawa	78
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Ensign Yerec, Newport	75
Capt. Dawson, Deseronto	73
Mrs. Adit. Kendall, Ottawa	72
Sergt. Bruke, Belleville	70
Capt. Bethune, Burlington	70
Capt. Yake, Montreal II.	68
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	67
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	65
Capt. Munter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	60
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	53
Capt. Green, Trenton	50
Capt. Tysit, Burlington	50
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	50
Adit. Moore, Kingston	50
Capt. Magee, Perth	50
Lieut. Liddard, Perth	48
Lieut. Thompson, Peterboro	48
Sergt. Haymo, Barre	46
Bro. Edwards, Napanee	45
Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	45
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	45
Bro. Marcus, Bloomfield	42
Capt. Randall, Olesse	40
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Mrs. King, Napanee	40

Sergt. Huppen, Montreal II.	
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	
Capt. Normand, Quebec	
Capt. Gross, Quebec	
Sergt. Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	
Capt. Gammaidge, Sudbury	
Cadet Holliday, St. Albans	
Adit. Kendall, Ottawa	
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	
Capt. Ash, Belleville	
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	
Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa	
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	
Sergt. Morse, Newport	
Adit. Babbington, Peterboro	
Capt. Welb, Prescott	
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	
Kather Louquet, Trenton	
Mildred Veal, Barre	
Capt. Owens, Barre	
Tras. Gillin, Montreal I.	
Stephen Stanzel, Carleton I.	

#### NORTH-WEST PROV.

55 Hustlers.	
Cadet Hoepfer, Winnipeg	
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	
Cadet Papetia, Winnipeg	
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	
Mrs. Ensign Habbirk, Grand	
Capt. Ferguson, Port Arthur	
Ensign Collett, Fargo	
P. S. M. Jackson, Portage	
Annie Pearce, Calgary	
Capt. Livingston, Edmonton	
Lieut. E. Quiser, Fort V.	
Capt. Wick, Prince Albert	
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Regina	
Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris	
Capt. Hoff, Lethbridge	
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	
Lieut. Moller, Devil's Lake	
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Neepawa	
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	
Sergt. Father Harvey, Val	
Sister Cook, Winnipeg	
Capt. White, Portage	
Capt. Brandner, Carman	
Mrs. Capt. White, Devil's	
Capt. Habbirk, Dauphin	
Cand. Bertha Steekley, Da	
Mrs. Adit. McAmmond, W	
Capt. S. Flaws, Dauphin	
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Port	
Lieut. L. Nuttall, Minot	
Cadet Stapleton, Winnipeg	
Capt. Kennel, Valley Cit	
Sergt. Shay, Huntville	
Adit. Dean, Brandon	
Capt. B. Fell, Graton	
Sergt. Lang, Brandon	
Capt. L. Smith, Medicine	
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medici	
Capt. Draper, Moorhead	
P. S. M. Curtis, Rat Po	
Lieut. Kreiger, Moose Ja	
Lieut. Potter, Graton	
Capt. Mercer, Moosemin	
Capt. N. Meyers, Minot	
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	
Lieut. White, Prince Al	
Bro. J. Draper, Lethbrid	
Lieut. Lenwick, Bismar	
Sergt. Trewn, Winnipeg	
Sergt. Mary Chapman, V	
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winn	
Tras. St. John, Minne	
Capt. Brown, Virden	
Sergt. Craft, Grand For	
Capt. Halstein, Morden	

#### NEWFOUNDLAND

21 Hustler	
Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. J	
Jessie Lidstone, St. J	
Sergt. Mrs. Peddie, St. J	
Sergt. Major Elbury, St. J	
Lieut. Mercer, St. John	
Sergt. Major Newman, S	
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillin	
Cadet Blount, St. John	
Capt. M. James, St. Joh	
Cadet G. White, St. Joh	
Cadet R. Mercer, St. J	
Sergt. Mary Blumien, S	
Sergt. B. Muford, St. J	
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. J	
Sergt. B. Hutchings, St. J	
Sergt. E. Payne, St. J	
Cadet Barry, St. John	
Cadet Harding, St. Joh	
P. S. M. Davis, Bonav	
Sergt. Major Bartlett,	
Mrs. Seaward, Heart's	

#### KLONDIKE DI

Ensign Gooding, Skag	
Capt. Long, Skagway	



# SERGEANT MARGIE.

A STORY OF SLUMDOM.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The narrow street was deserted of all but children and a few women. Some of the children looked dangerously mischievous, but fortunately, some of them seemed intent on some unseen object of interest several doors away, and none came near the basement of No. 19. The baby slept a long time. When it awoke, Sergeant Margie administered the drops, and carried it up and down until it went off to sleep again under the first lullaby it had ever heard, Sergeant Margie's favorite hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, look on me."

After this, it being noon, the soldier of the Salvation Army halted, so to speak, and produced from her bag a sandwich, which she devoured as far from the onion pan as possible. The baby slumbered for several hours, when it again opened its melancholy eyes. Sergeant Margie brought herself of walking up and down with it in the sunshine before the door, by so doing she at once attracted the observation, and, consequently, the remarks, of several slovenly, unkempt women, and dirty, neglected, ill-mannered children.

"See that Salvation Army gal with Grayson's baby," remarked one slatternly female to her neighbor. "I'll warrant she won't stay long when Grayson and the old woman get back."

Sergeant Margie shrank back into the house terrified. Her orders were to stay until nightfall. It was probable, therefore, that the two brutal pariahs of the baby would return before her departure. Terrified as she was, however, she never dreamt of leaving from her post before the shades of night should signal the onset of March! But the baby almost fell out of her trembling arms as she laid it hurriedly on the bed, and dropped upon her knees in a frightened prayer for protection. Meantime the fire had gone completely out.

The afternoon passed slowly, the baby alternately waking and sleeping. Sergeant Margie administered medicine at stated intervals when they did not conflict with the little one's slumbers, and quaking when she noticed the approach of twilight.

At last there came a horrible moment. It must have been a little bit after six o'clock, for laborers began to pass to and fro, returning from their day's work, when two people, a man and a woman—rough, dirty, and bleared-eyed—came humming through the doorway. Sergeant Margie started up, emitting, unconsciously, a cry of terror, but placed her little figure heroically in front of the baby, the man and woman paused on beholding the intruder, and then both began to crouch.

"How dost you come here, you little plump fool?" ejaculated the woman, at the same time taking note of Sergeant Margie's bonnet.

"Get away from that youngster and goot. Do you hear?" thundered the man, with a dangerous glance towards a griddon.

Sergeant Margie felt, indeed, that she was in the thick of the battle, and her breath came fast; but, strange to say, her heart throbbled no more with terror, but was thrilling with self-forgetful heroism. She looked calmly at the angry parents, and said:

"I've only been taking care of the baby. I gave it a bath and some more clothes, and some milk, and now it wants its supper, and I want to warn you this for it." She held out the bottle, but the man dashed forward, seized it, and looking at its contents with disgust, hurled it against the stove, where it was shattered into fragments.

"Jesus, Saviour, look on me," sang Sergeant Margie in clear tones, turning and tenderly gathering the baby into her arms.

"Drop the baby," hoarsely ejaculated the woman.

"Let up on your squalling," shouted the man with an oath. Yet neither up nor down did the girl, Sergeant Margie, was singing on without pause—

"I look to Thee, my terror-censor, This rock a hideous-place imparts."

"Lock the door, Tab," said the man

in a tone of dreadful determination, and he possessed himself with a piece of broom-handle that had been lying under the stove.

"I guess not," said a gruff voice, as the door was flung wide open, and the here-looking young man of the preceding night entered with stamping tread. Sergeant Margie gave audible thanks, and clasped the baby more tightly. As for its parents, the mother retired against the wall, but the father, in a fury, fell upon the new arrival with upraised fist. Before it descended the fierce young man had easily wrested it away, and with it dealt a blow across his opponent's face that sent him to the ground like a log.

Sergeant Margie shook with terror, and the woman suddenly shrank behind the fierce young man and darted out of the door. Seeing this, the young fellow beckoned Margie.

"Come on," said he, "we must get out." Sergeant Margie, with the baby in her arms, followed where her deliverer led without a word.

Square after square was passed, neither Sergeant Margie nor her rescuer uttering a word, until, when the house was left far behind, the girl, suddenly noticing how the evening breeze was blowing on the baby's uncovered head, said anxiously: "The baby'll get cold; it's sick anyway; it ought to have something over its head."

The fierce young man cast a fatherly tinted glance at the baby, but said nothing for several minutes, he and the Sergeant trudging along in silence. Finally, while a hot feeling took possession of his face, he abruptly wrestled from his neck a green, knitted muffler, and, proffering it to Margie, gruffly remarked: "Put that on the baby."

Sergeant Margie thanked him heartily, and they trudged on again silently. By this time the girl's knees were giving way under her from sheer physical exhaustion.

"Stop a minute, please," she finally ejaculated faintly. "I'm—I'm so awful tired." They halted, and the fierce young man looked dismayed.

"Do you think you could carry the baby for a little while?" Sergeant Margie ventured timidly to suggest.

"Wouldn't know if it was upside down or not; never held such a small youngster," replied her escort, in tones that positively foreshadowed his countenance filled with a look of abject terror. Poor Sergeant Margie was pale and weak with exhaustion, and the baby seemed to grow heavier and heavier with every step she took.

"I don't think you would hurt it; just hold on to it; you can't drop it," she said in desperation. "Hold out your arms and I'll show you."

The barely escort stiffly extended his arms. Sergeant Margie laid the human bundle across them. "Now," said she, "draw your right arm up so that its head will rest on your shoulder. That's right; and now wind your left arm around it like this, and draw it down a bit. There." Thus did Sergeant Margie instruct the fierce young man in the mysteries of baby-holding.

He took the initiation meekly and not too awkwardly; and Sergeant Margie, having satisfied herself that the little one was safe and comfortable, walked on with lightened step.

"Where do you lodge?" suddenly enquired the new nurse. Sergeant Margie told him, and he responded, "We're not this far from there," and they then proceeded.

"Here we are at last," was the welcome remark from her barely escort. Stopping in front of a tall building, he carefully handed her the baby, which had gone to sleep, then he turned as if to go.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times for helping me and baby." Sergeant Margie exclaimed fervently. She never thought of asking how he happened to be in Angel Meadow so to opportune a time. She believed that nothing happened by chance, and felt simply that her Heavenly Captain had provided this auxiliary just when this weak soldier was about to be worsted. Nor did her rescuer offer her any explanation. He

did not say that he had overheard her remark the evening before in regard to her next day's work; and that, surprised and touched over the little weakling's pluck, as well as over her public speech, he had followed her and hung all day about the place of her mission. He had heard her sing to the baby, and watched her walking up and down with it before the door, and finally had burst in at the last to save her from the child's brutal parents.

"Oh, it's all right," said he in response to Sergeant Margie's thanks. Tears were welling in the latter's eyes.

Suddenly she burst out with, "Jesus loves you for this, He's looking on you and blessing you."

"It's all right," repeated the young man, rather humbly. Sergeant Margie gave him a full, sweet look of gratitude.

"Say," said the young man, hesitatingly. Sergeant Margie paused. He cleared his throat, then muttered in low hurried tones, "The muffler, if you're done with it I'd like to have it back. You see, my sister made it for me. She died a year ago."

Greatly touched, but not as surprised as she might have been at the young man's demonstration of feeling, Sergeant Margie returned the muffler, apologizing for her forgetfulness; the young man received it silently, and walked rapidly away. The world had used him roughly heretofore, and he had revenged himself by scowling at it, abusing it in bitter language, and giving it a spiteful poke, as to speak, whenever the opportunity offered, but a new feeling had taken possession of him since yesterday evening; a complicated feeling which he hardly understood. Some way or other a little current of something warm and sweet, bearing a dash of sunshine, had stolen in, refreshingly, comfortably, and softened the hard waters. All the way to his wretched lodgings he kept clearing his throat, while he dug his hands deep into his pockets, and tried to set his lips firmly, as though he were making an effort to quell a great rush of emotion.

And if we follow him to his little garret, we must enter with soft and reverent tread, for look! he stands beside his gloomy window, as his eyes, from dwelling upon the blackened house-tops, are unconsciously raised to the twilight sky, where a faint rose-colored glow lingers, and as, with almost a passionate impulse, he clasps his hands behind his head and gazes ever upward, we hear a broken whisper: "Jesus, Saviour, look on me." That is all, but in that instant the humble attic becomes holy, and we must step away with bowed heads.

(We are informed, in response to our note inserted over the first chapter, that this article originally appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal, of August, 1897, written by Elmer Dale Runcie. We are glad to be able to give credit herewith.—Ed.)

## A Prayer 230 Years Old.

[This simple prayer is beautifully characteristic of the humble, trustful, devoted disciple who wrote it.]

O! that mine eyes might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might always tell  
From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thought might ever rest,  
Or be conceived in my breast  
That by each deed and word and  
thought,

Glory may to my God be brought!  
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye  
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
And make it clean in every part,  
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,  
For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Elwood, 1669, A.D.

The night brings out light from the stars of heaven and perfume from the flowers of earth. Light and fragrance are the gift of truth.

We can never have much sympathy with the complainer; for, after searching nature through, we conclude that he must be both plaintive and defendant too, and so had best come to a settlement without a hearing.

Sergt. Higgins, Montreal H.	46
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Capt. Normau, Quebec	35
Capt. Grose, Quebec	35
Sergt. Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	35
Capt. Gammaidge, Sudbury	35
Cadet Holliday, St. Albans	34
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	34
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	33
Sergt. Dice, Kingston	30
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	30
Capt. Ash, Belleville	29
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal	29
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	29
Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal	25
Sergt. Morse, Newport	25
Adj. Babington, Peterboro	24
Capt. Weir, Prescott	24
Sergt. Brown, Montreal	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal	20
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	20
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Midred Veal, Barre	20
Capt. Owens, Barre	20
Treas. Gilan, Renfrew	20
Stephen Stanzel, Carleton Place	20

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## 55 Husters.

Cadet Hoepfner, Winnipeg	166
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	160
Cadet Papstein, Winnipeg	160
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	88
Mrs. Eusign Hahbirk, Grand Forks	88
Capt. Ferguson, Port Arthur	80
Eusign Collett, Fargo	76
P. S. M. Jackson, Portage la Prairie	65
Annie Pearce, Calgary	65
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	62
Lieut. E. Cosier, Port William	62
Capt. Wick, Prince Albert	60
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Regina	60
Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris	60
Capt. Hall, Lethbridge	60
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	55
Lieut. Moller, Devils Lake	50
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Sneyawa	50
Eusign Taylor, Calgary	50
Sergt. Father Harvey, Valley City	50
Sister Cook, Winnipeg	46
Capt. White, Portage la Prairie	46
Capt. Brandson, Carman	46
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Devils Lake	46
Capt. Hahbirk, Dauphin	46
Cand. Bertha Stuckley, Dauphin	46
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
Capt. S. Flaws, Dauphin	40
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Portage	40
Lieut. L. Nuttall, Moak	40
Cadet Stapleton, Winnipeg	40
Capt. Kenzie, Valley City	33
Capt. Pearce, Fort William	33
Adj. Dean, Brandon	33
Capt. B. Fell, Grafton	31
Sergt. Lang, Brandon	30
Capt. L. Smith, Medicine Hat	30
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medicine Hat	30
Capt. Draper, Moorhead	30
P. S. M. Curtis, Rat Portage	30
Lieut. Kroeger, Moose Jaw	30
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	25
Capt. Mercer, Moosomin	25
Capt. N. Meyers	25
Capt. Woodcock, Brandon	24
Lieut. White, Prince Albert	23
Bro. J. Draper, Lethbridge	22
Lieut. Lenwick, Bismarck	21
Sergt. Trew, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	20
Treas. St. John, Minnedosa	20
Capt. Brown, Virden	20
Sergt. Craft, Grand Forks	20
Capt. Halstein, Morden	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

## 21 Husters.

Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. Johns	80
Jessie Lidstone, St. Johns	75
Sergt. Mrs. Peddie, St. Johns	50
Sergt. Major Ebsary, St. Johns	40
Lieut. Mercer, St. Johns	40
Sergt. Major Newman, Twillingate	35
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	28
Cadet Ridout, St. Johns	27
Capt. M. Jance, St. Johns	25
Cadet G. White, St. Johns	25
Cadet R. Mercer, St. Johns	25
Sergt. Mary Blunden, St. Johns	25
Sergt. B. Mogford, St. Johns	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns	25
Sergt. E. Hatchings, St. Johns	25
Sergt. E. Payne, St. Johns	20
Cadet Barry, St. Johns	20
Cadet Harding, St. Johns	20
P. S. M. Dawe, Bonavista	20
Sergt. Major Bartlett, Bridgetown	20
Mrs. Sonward, Heart's Content	20

## KLONDIKE DISTRICT.

Eusign Gooding, Skagway	116
Capt. Long, Skagway	68



# SONGS WEEK



## Holiness.

Tune.—Ye banks and braes (B.J. 56);  
Madrid (B.J. 170); Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Give me the faith that Jesus had,  
The faith that can great mountains  
move.  
That makes the mournful spirit glad,  
The saving faith that works by love;  
The faith for which the saints have  
striven;  
The faith that pulls the fire from hea-  
ven.

Give me the faith that gets the power,  
That stubborn devils cannot turn,  
That lion-teeth cannot devour,  
That furnace-fires can never burn;  
That never fears the tyrant's frown,  
That wins and wears the martyr's  
crown.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,  
That in the child-like spirit dwells;  
That buries self and slughters lust;  
That keeps out all that Christ expels;  
That gives no quarter to the foe;  
That sternly says, "You'll have to go!"

## Lord, Baptize Us Now.

Tune.—Glory to His name (B.B. 38).

2 We seek the blessing that comes  
from Thee,  
Make us the people we ought to be,  
Save us from self and set us free,  
Lord, baptize us now!

Chorus.

Lord, baptize us now;  
Lord, baptize us now;  
With love and power to do and dare,  
Lord, baptize us now!

May selfish aims be for ever slain,  
Let not one stain on our hearts remain,  
Open the windows of heaven again,  
Lord, baptize us now!

Our hearts grow cold in the daily strife,  
The cares of the world dim the spirit-  
life,  
Thy grace alone can the soul revive,  
Lord, baptize us now!

To know the smile of the Saviour's face,  
To live each day in the secret place,  
To rest at last in Thy sweet embrace,  
Lord, baptize us now!

W. Ritchie,  
Tilleshurg, Ont.

## The Penitent's Hope.

Tune.—Sandon; or, Lead kindly light  
(B.J. 300).

3 Lord, if it's true that Thou art full  
of love,  
Why need I fear?  
If Thy compassion brought Thee from  
above,  
Why need I fear?  
To Thee I bring my guilty, wounded  
soul,  
Thou hast the power to speak me fully  
whole.

And if it's true that none are turned  
away,  
Why need I fear?  
Though I am vile, and hell obstruct the  
way,  
Why need I fear?  
And though from Thee, for years, my  
soul has strayed,  
Thou hast me come, I will not be a-  
fraid.

Lord, at Thy feet in confidence I pray,  
Why need I fear?  
Now, in Thy mercy, take my sins away,  
Why need I fear?  
My only plea, for me the Saviour died,  
I dare believe the blood is now applied.

And now I'll go and spread the news a-  
broad,  
Why need I fear?

I'm saved and kept by an almighty God,  
Why need I fear?

Lord, help me lead the deepest dyed to  
Thee,  
By telling them what Thou hast done  
for me.

Major Baugh.

## War and Experience.

Tune.—Canaan, bright Canaan (B.J. 50).

4 Oh, what has Jesus bought for me?  
A free and full salvation!  
He groaned and died upon the tree  
To give me full salvation.  
I'm happy now both night and day,  
Since I gained full salvation;  
No matter what the world may say,  
I'll tell of full salvation.

Chorus.

Salvation! Salvation!  
A free and full salvation!  
My Saviour died upon the tree  
To give me full salvation.

For young and old, for rich and poor,  
A free and full salvation!  
For tempter there's no better cure  
Than a free and full salvation.  
It takes away the love of self—  
A free and full salvation!  
Tis better far than fame or wealth—  
A free and full salvation!

Oh, come and get your sins forgiven,  
When have a full salvation;  
You cannot hope to go to heaven  
Without a full salvation.  
We'll march, and sing, and tell the  
world  
Of free and full salvation;  
And fight beneath our flag unfurled,  
The flag of full salvation.

Tune.—Before I got salvation (B.J. 64).

5 Before I got salvation,  
I was sunk in degradation,  
And from my Saviour wandered far  
astray;  
But I came to Calvary's mountain,  
Where I fell into the Fountain,  
And from my heart the burden rolled  
away.

Chorus.

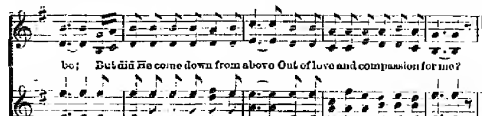
'Twas a happy day, and no mistake,  
When Jesus from my heart did take  
The load of sin which made it ache,  
And filled my soul with joy.

Since I have been converted,  
And the devil's ranks deserted,

## A Saviour's Love.



1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must

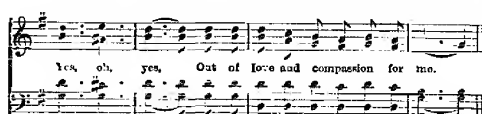


be; But did He come down from above Out of love and compassion for me?

CHORUS.



Yes, oh, yes, Out of love and compassion for me.



Yes, oh, yes, Out of love and compassion for me.

2. I have heard how His suffering and blood,  
How He bled and died, and on the tree  
But, oh, is it anywhere so!

That He languish'd and suffered for me?

3. I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Where the children of Jesus shall see;  
But is there a place in it so high  
Made ready, and furnished for me?

4. Lord, answer these questions of mine;  
To whom shall I give thanks?—Thee?  
And say by Thy spirit divine,  
There's a Saviour, and heaven for me.

I've had such joy and gladness in my  
soul!

For Jesus I've been fighting,  
And in the war delighting,  
And now I'm pressing on towards the  
goal.

If faithful to my Saviour,  
I shall enjoy His favour,  
And He will keep me safely to the end;  
And when I cross the river,  
I'll live with Him for ever,  
And one eternal day of glory spend.

## Salvation.

Tunes.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 65);  
Eliacomb (B.J. 237).

6 God speaks to men, in various ways  
He seeks their hearts to gain;  
What patience daily He displays,  
Oft met by cold disdain!

Chorus.

Oh, voice of God, speak louder yet,  
The heedless soul arouse!  
Forever home the truths it will forget,  
Till at the Cross it bows.

In hours of stillness oft we feel  
The weight of guilt and sin;  
Tis then God speaks—He would reveal  
The danger we are in.

In sorrows, too, His voice He sends,  
In hours of pain and woe;  
And why? The wanderer He befriends  
By coming to him so.

God speaks to warn, to woo, to guide  
The erring of our race;  
Oh, listen, sinner, don't decide  
The offers of His grace!

Major Slater.

## Come to the Cross.

Tune.—There is a happy land (B.J. 174).

7 Come, sinner, to the Cross,  
Come, come away!  
Come, count all else but dross,  
Come, come away!  
Jesus waits to set you free,  
From your sin and misery,  
To the Cross for refuge flee,  
Come, come away!

Chorus.

Jesus waits to set you free,  
From your sin and misery,  
To the Cross for refuge flee,  
Come, come away!

'Twas for you that Jesus died,  
Come, come away!  
On Calvary's Cross was crucified,  
Come, come away!  
Jesus longs to save you now,  
Come, and at His footstool bow,  
Come, just now fulfill that vow,  
Come, come away!

Death is drawing very nigh,  
Come, come to-day!  
Time is earnest, passing by,  
Come, come to-day!  
Come before it is too late,  
E're you're shut outside the gate,  
Then to hear that awful fate,  
Pass, pass away!

Jesus now is calling thee,  
Come, sinner, come!  
He will give you liberty,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus calls aloud to thee,  
Come, oh, come and be set free,  
Then you'll have true liberty,  
Come, sinner, come!

David Angus, London.

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Scenes